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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1910.

The Week.

That the Railroad bill has been passed by the Senate, is naturally highly welcome to President Taft. With this contentious subject shelved for the time being, it is to be hoped that he will find it possible to centre the attention of Congress upon the question of conservation. That this was the subject of his talk at Detroit last Friday is doubtless merely a coincidence; but it should be made more than that. In addition to the general and permanent reasons for urging needed legislation relating to our natural resources, there is a pressing special one arising from the Ballinger affair. In no way could the President do so much to counteract the bad effects of that unfortunate business as by bringing to an end the condition of things out of which it has arisen. What is needed is a short and sharp Presidential message on the necessity not only of Mr. Taft's proposed law giving Presidential withdrawals of public lands full force and authority, but also of a law establishing a rational system for the disposal of mineral lands. It is upon the absence of such a law that the capitalists who are eager to capture the Alaskan coal fields are seizing as their chief support; and it is for Mr. Taft to make it plain that he will not, either by action or by inaction, play into their hands.

"No Congressman is safe," says the manager of the campaign for renomination of the Hon. John Dalzell of Pennsylvania. In the hard-fought primary of Saturday in the Thirtieth District, Dalzell had an apparent majority of about 400 over his Republican opponent, but the latter declares that there was cheating in the count, and is going to contest the matter in the courts. Even if Dalzell shall be shown to have won by a narrow margin, he will have to face such strong opposition at the election in November that his return must be regarded as doubtful. This intense hostility displayed against Dalzell in a district which, for more than twenty years, he has held in the hollow of his hand, is an event of first-class political significance. It is important in itself, and even more important in what it implies for his party in other contests of the kind, and in the choice of a new Congress next autumn. In the controversies within the Republican party which are to be fought out in Ohio and Indiana, in Kansas, and Wisconsin, and Minnesota, and Illinois, the fight will be along the same lines as that which was directed against Dalzell. His sad lot will make many another Congressman quake in his shoes. If Dalzell, the chief of the standpatters in the most standing-pat of States—if he, the most uncompromising of protectionists in a protection-ridden district—barely wins renomination and finds his seat confessedly in danger, what hope is there for lesser men of his kind in States less joined to high-tariff idols?

These results in the Pennsylvania primaries completely brush away the assertions about the insurgents in Congress made by Speaker Cannon and his echoes. It has been confidently declared that the whole thing was artificial, the work of a few newspapers and magazines and agitators with a talent for blowing froth. There was no evidence, it has been glibly said, that the people themselves were taking any great interest in the controversies at Washington, much less that they were ready to stand behind those who were in revolt against the ruling cliques in Congress. But Pennsylvania will have opened many eyes to the folly of all this. If Dalzell is perfectly honest with Cannon, he will go up to him on his return to Washington, and say, in the historic phrase, "Sire, it is not an *émeute*, it is a revolution."

Ex-Gov. Folk's speech at a St. Louis dinner last Thursday night, which is regarded as the preliminary launching of his Presidential "boom," has for its keynote that which first brought him into national prominence. When Mr. Folk, as Circuit Attorney for St. Louis, instituted his sweeping prosecutions of rich and influential corruptionists, the act was something new to the people of the country. It was one of the chief factors in bringing on the era of house-cleaning through which we have ever since been passing, and of which the end is not yet. In his speech last week Mr. Folk spoke of the stories of thievery and graft with which the newspapers are filled every day, and declared that the Democratic party must "insist upon the stamping out of graft and corruption from every department of the government." Along with this, however, he placed the duty of eradicating "all special favors, including bounties, subsidies, and a tariff for any purpose other than revenue." His note on the tariff is as clear as that struck by Gov. Marshall of Indiana at the State Convention some weeks ago; indeed, it seems plain that all the promising candidates for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency stand together on this issue. Gov. Folk gave it happy expression in these words:

> All political parties ostensibly oppose the privilege of lawlessness, but when it comes to privilege conferred by law there is a distinct issue between the parties. The Republican party stands irrevocably for the privilege of a protective tariff. The Democratic party, if true to itself and its teachings, must stand squarely against this privilege.

Disappointing in a way as is the postponement of the corporation-tax case, its enormous importance to the country dictates all prudence in reaching a decision. No action should have been taken by a weakened bench—there are but seven active judges now sitting as the Supreme Court. Few people yet realize just what the tax means. The unthinking rejoice at another slap at the corporations, another effort "to make them pay up as they ought." The thoughtful discern what the Republican leaders are quite ready when pressed to admit—as President Taft has often done—that the income from the tax itself is of little importance; that the taxing of the corporations itself is a secondary purpose, the real object being to drive in an entering wedge which shall permit, within a few years, the Federal Government's taking oversight of business in the United States. Not merely interstate business, but all business is involved. Above all, the object is to break down State supervision of the corporations created by the States. When it is considered that the nation

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broke in two over this question of State rights—involved, it is true, with one of human rights—the apathy of the country as a whole, and particularly of the South, as to the vital importance of the corporation tax, is much to be wondered at.

Secretary Meyer talked the usual official nonsense when he addressed the Academy midshipmen at Annapolis last Friday. This time his thesis was that the navy must be so constituted and drilled as to have at every moment the "greatest possible military efficiency," for "under such conditions only" can the navy "insure peace." Otherwise, he added, it is only a menace and needless expense "when it is permitted to deteriorate and when the military spirit weakens." Well, they evidently did not teach history when Secretary Meyer went to Harvard. If they had, he would have learned that the navy, before the outbreak of the civil war, was in anything but a state of preparedness. It was far removed from the "greatest possible military efficiency." But it had not only a Farragut and a Porter, but a Dahlgren, a Rodgers, a Cravens, and a host of gallant officers whose personal quality was never sapped by the demoralization of the navy from 1850 to 1860. More than that, under those leaders were many thousands of volunteers from the merchant marine and civil life who had had mighty little training when they went on the blockade, assaulted Sumter, ran the gantlet at New Orleans, and charged the ramparts at Fort Fisher. That poor, abused military spirit! How much longer must it be said that it can be nurtured only in battleship hot-houses?

"We must be brought to realize," says Mr. Daniel Guggenheim, managing director of the Morgan-Guggenheim Alaskan syndicate, "that the greatest amount of wealth that the country makes is not by the people trading among themselves —this only adds to the wealth of one man at the expense of another—but the great wealth of a country is made by selling something at a profit to another country." It is a thousand pities that this great economic truth has not wider recognition. Through ignorance of it, an appalling waste of opportunity has been going on in this country. If, instead of being one nation, we were three or four or a half-dozen, what enormous gains might we not have been making all these years! The stupendous interstate commerce of the United States would then have been international commerce, and when the East was selling to the West and the West to the East, or the North to the South and the South to the North, each of these countries would have been acquiring great wealth by "selling something at a profit to another country." As it is, there has been no benefit to the nation in all this vast business; it has only "added to the wealth of one man at the expense of another." See what it is to be a practical man; none of the closet philosophers who have racked their brains over economic theory have discovered what this man of affairs sees so plainly and sets forth in such simple language.

One great advantage that Mr. Roosevelt has enjoyed abroad has been little remarked. It lies in the fact that his sayings, which have become a trifle worn by frequent use in English, have now had an opportunity to reach and thrill readers in a foreign language. It seems quite a new thing, for example, when we see in Italian that Roosevelt praised in his speech at Rome the essential virtues of the citizen, and declared them to be "Coraggio, onestà e il senso comune." Even in England, Mr. Roosevelt was done into another tongue; the Public Orator at Cambridge made him seem positively novel when he described his deeds in Latin. Thus for the usual reminder that different races went to the making of Roosevelt, we have the orotund pronouncement of Dr. Sandys: "Batavorum et Caledonum sanguine olim oriundus." It was a severe wrench on Latin to find words for Rough-Riders, but here they are: "equites voluntarios durum in armis genus." Even the Back from Elba Club had a recognition in the phrase "virum populo suo etiam in posterum sine dubio profuturum." It is hard not to believe it when you see it in Latin.

Comparing the statistics of the occupations of members of two Yale classes, twenty-nine years apart, the *Yale Alumni Weekly* says that they "show the continued and striking drift of the later Yale graduates of the 'culture' branch away from the professions and into business." Similar comment is often made on figures of this kind relating to American college graduates. But it is by no means clear that such comment correctly represents the significance of the figures. They may well mean that there is a steady increase in the tendency of young men who intend following a business career to obtain a college education before entering upon their active business life. In other words, it is probable that the increase in the proportion of college graduates who go into business is not due to an increasing preference for business among the class of persons who formerly went into the professions, but to an increasing desire or ability to secure a college education on the part of the class that formerly went into business without it. If such is the case, it is a welcome development.

It has long been believed that the alumni of Brown University were strongly in favor of revising the charter of that institution so as to eliminate all sectarian tests. Now the matter has been put to vote and the demonstration is complete. A poll of the graduates has been taken, and the result was announced on Saturday to be 2,008 for abolishing the present restrictions, to 223 against any change. The sectarian college is everywhere becoming more and more of an anachronism, but the absurdity of keeping Brown as an appanage of the Baptist Church has been peculiarly flagrant. We take it for granted that the decided response of the alumni will cause the movement for charter revision to be pressed. It ought to be speedily successful.

Pity the poor opera singer. When wages of everybody else are going up, his are to be cut. Here is the merciless Andreas Dippel back from a vacation abroad calmly announcing that there will be a decrease in singers' salaries from now on. Of course, this impresario is careful not to use the word "cut." He merely says: "We shall readjust salaries." But when a man who has just driven his sole competitor out of the business, and thereby established a complete monopoly, talks about adjusting salaries, we all know what it means. Singers must look out for trouble. First-class tenors who now get over $1,000 a night will be cut to $999.99 on a basis of 20 per cent. decrease in appearances. How are our prima donnas

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to dress if they are to get a chance to make only some $4,000 or $5,000 a week? The thing is preposterous. Obviously, there is nothing left for them to do but to organize a union. For behind Dippel stand the European impresarios, long angry because Americans have exemplified on the opera stage their political belief that cheap clothes make a cheap man or woman. Let every singer, high and low, join their organization and have a fixed wage scale for Europe and America.

The troubled Nicaraguan situation has been rendered much more cheerful by the explicit official statement at Washington that the Government "has no present intention of assuming a protectorate over Nicaragua"—which was, of course, ridiculous—or, and this is much the more important point, "in any way intervening or recognizing either party to the controversy until one faction or the other has obtained full control of the machinery of the government by the consent of the people." This still leaves Nicaragua exposed to the evils of a brutal civil warfare. If the United States had seen its way towards extending its good offices for bringing about peace, it might have been a gain for humanity. But at least notice has been given to the Estrada faction, or to those whom Estrada would win over by holding out the hope of American support, that such hopes are illusory. It now remains for our Government to do what it can to have unofficial America maintain the same neutrality. With Americans in Estrada's ranks and supplies coming to him from American seaports, the danger of complications involving the United States will never be entirely absent.

Englishmen who complain that their politics are becoming Americanized may find a fresh grievance in the proposal of a writer to whom the London *Times* gives prominence. This is nothing less than that England should have a Constitutional Convention. The notion is borrowed frankly from American practice. After showing how grave is the English political situation to-day, how sharp the differences, how menacing the various attacks upon the British Constitution, the writer in question asks if there is no way out. His reply is:

> The way which seems to fit the occasion best, seeing that the matter in hand is no ordinary legislative measure, but the very framework of government, is the way adopted at Philadelphia in 1787, when the Constitution of the United States was hammered into shape; the way adopted only last year in South Africa—the way of common sense and sobriety, when men are really in deadly earnest about an object of vital importance—*a conference with closed doors.*

This is more interesting than convincing. Should the plan be adopted, it would mean the giving up of the great distinction of the British Constitution—namely, that it is *unwritten.* The compromises in the American Constitution, as in that of South Africa, could be put there because it was a written document; but how could Liberal and Conservative statesmen compose their differences unless there were some way of reducing their agreement to writing? That impalpable thing, English Constitutional practice, will still, it should seem, have to go on forming itself by votes in Parliament and popular elections.

Prime Minister Briand has shown himself too much a man of courage and resource to be fairly compared with the Frenchman who started out in pursuit of a mob, crying, "These are my people, I am their leader, I must follow them." Yet there is just a suggestion of that gallant spirit in the way M. Briand is reported to have gone at the task of framing a government programme for the newly elected Chamber of Deputies. In a circular addressed to the prefects of the French Departments, the Prime Minister asked for full and precise information as to the opinions expressed by the successful candidates for the new Chamber in their electoral manifestos to the voters, on every question that has been before the public for some time, such as electoral, administrative, and judicial reform, the income tax, state recognition of the trade unions, and the school question. The results of this inquiry were laid before the assembled Ministers and used as the basis of a programme of legislation which the Prime Minister intends to press home upon the members of the Chamber. Perhaps the most interesting single point upon which the people of France have spoken out strongly is proportional representation; this has been endorsed by three voters out of every four.

The resignation of the German Colonial Minister, Bernhard Dernburg, is correctly reported as marking the end of a unique governmental experiment. Official Germany was thoroughly shocked, when, a couple of years ago, the Kaiser suddenly chose, for reorganizing the demoralized Colonial Office, a man who had made a reputation as a reorganizer of wrecked or imperilled banks. Moreover, Herr Dernburg is a Jew, his wife formerly earned her own living as a governess, and his father is a journalist connected with the Berlin *Tageblatt*, a newspaper particularly odious to the bureaucracy, whose weaknesses it takes delight in exposing. All this made Herr Dernburg a bitter dose for an aristocratic officialdom. Furthermore, Herr Dernburg, who was at one time a clerk in one or more New York banking houses, has certain aggressive qualities, which do not always make him popular. It was not to be expected, therefore, that his administration, with its "American" business ideas, would last very long. It began, however, with vigor and force; the new Minister spoke well in the Reichstag, was able to take care of himself in any Parliamentary situation, and proved that he had original and clear-cut ideas about colonial administration.

These ideas he soon supplemented by facts gathered in the German colonies themselves, for Herr Dernburg speedily became a travelling Minister, last year making a visit to this country to study cotton-growing in the South. After his return to Europe he gave out an interview in which he declared that the American negro ought to be compelled to work under a system of peonage. This clearly illustrated the point of view he took toward the inferior races with which he had to deal in Africa. They were there to make money for the white man and to order their lives and habits of mind accordingly. It is only fair to say, however, that, if the total absence of sentimentality in Herr Dernburg would have satisfied Mr. Roosevelt completely, he several times intervened in behalf of justice for the natives and did all that he could to cut the red tape which often injured natives and colonists alike. Of the aggressive business exploiter of other people's lands Herr Dernburg was an excellent type. He leaves office now because

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the Reichstag insists upon levying taxes on the commercial companies in German Southwest Africa, in order to pay a part of the fifty millions it cost to put down the recent war in that colony. This Herr Dernburg considers fatal to the capitalistic development of the colony. He will probably be succeeded by an official of the old type, and the African experiment of Germany will remain a great load upon the taxpayers.

THE RAILROAD PEACE.

Grim war can seldom have smoothed its wrinkled front so suddenly as in the conference between the railroad presidents and Mr. Taft on Monday. On either side, there was a swift removal of the *casus belli*. The railroads, on their part, decided to suspend the increase of freight-rates of which they had given notice, and to leave the question to be worked out under the new law. Thereupon the President announced that the Administration would not press the suit for an injunction. If no advance in rates is threatened, naturally there is no longer any reason to ask the courts to enjoin it. Thus sweet reasonableness descends upon all parties to the controversy, and they shake hands in perfect amity and agree to let the orderly working of the pending law for regulating railway rates dispose of all the questions in dispute. So the cruel war is over.

President Taft will receive, and will deserve, congratulations upon the way in which he has met the difficulty. The result will be a help to his political prestige at a time when he plainly needed it. Without grasping all the details of what has taken place, the country will get a good general idea of what the President has accomplished. The broad facts are not easy to mistake. In anticipation of the passage of a law compelling them to submit increases in rates to the scrutiny and judgment of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the railroads had hastened to file a large number of such increases. Those the new law would not have been able to touch. But the Administration caught up the first weapon handy and, seizing upon the evidence of combined action to raise rates, got the roads enjoined under the Anti-Trust act. For a week, there was a great deal of extreme and wild talk by the railroad men; we were given to understand that the whole transportation business of the country was threatened with ruin; but, in the end, reason prevailed. The railroads began to coo instead of roaring, abandoned their first purpose, and were content to look for their rights under the regulation law. The President, not to be outdone, suspended hostilities on the Government side. But he had fully achieved what he set out to obtain. The increased rates do not go into effect, and may not for several months, if at all. Upon that achievement the people will fix their eyes, without caring very much what the process was, and for it they will give Mr. Taft due credit.

That there are humorous aspects of the whole proceeding, cannot be denied. Inconsistencies and laughable changes of front have been visible on both sides. An Administration which has been urging an injunction bill, the essential feature of which is that injunctions shall not be issued without notice, secretly applies to a distant Federal judge for an injunction, and then the Attorney-General boasts of his cleverness in concealing his plans. On the other hand, the railroads cried out that they were not only tricked, but destroyed; that no more railway bonds could be sold abroad, though directly afterwards the Germans took $25,000,000 worth; then turned about and said that the proposed freight increases affected but an inconsiderable percentage of goods transported; admitted that they could get along cheerfully for the present without any advance, and finally promised to put themselves in good faith under the control of a law not yet enacted. In all this the Comic Spirit must surely find congenial material.

Serious features of the railway-rate question are not, however, lacking. One of them is the effect which the truce will have upon the fortunes of the railroad bill in Congress. That it makes the enactment of the bill certain in some form or other, is clear. We shall hear no more rumors of letting the bill die in conference. And it is equally clear that the clause empowering the Interstate Commerce Commission to pass upon the reasonableness of increased rates must be retained. No conference committee would now dare report urging that it be stricken out. That would be not only to throw away one of the great improvements made by the bill, but to imperil the whole settlement reached by the railway presidents at the White House. We may therefore set it down as a fixed thing that there will be a law, and that it will, as in the Senate bill, declare that "the burden of proof to show that the increased rate or proposed increased rate is just and reasonable shall be upon the common carrier."

There will doubtless be a good deal of pulling and hauling before the railway bill is finally presented to President Taft for his signature. It has now gone to conference, and Washington is saying that close watch will have to be kept lest some of the valuable features added to it in the Senate be eliminated, or "jokers" be introduced. On the other hand, it may be that the conference committees will take the desirable step of recommending that traffic agreements, subject to the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission, be legalized. This would be only a common-sense recognition of the necessities of the case, and would also be in line with what both Roosevelt and Taft have proposed, besides being a fair way of meeting the latest and more reasonable attitude of the railroads. However this may turn out, the main point appears to have been securely gained: the flurry about increased freight-rates, with exaggeration on both sides, has now blown over, and we are to have the entire dispute settled in orderly and lawful fashion. On that result, not only the President, but the country is to be felicitated.

ROOSEVELT INSTRUCTS CROMER.

Lord Cromer studied and governed Egypt for thirty years. Mr. Roosevelt gave his attention to Egyptian questions for perhaps as many hours. Yet the novice is able to correct the veteran. Lord Cromer was on the platform at the Guildhall meeting when Mr. Roosevelt made his now notorious speech, and he must have been deeply impressed by the way in which a fresh mind, working with lightning rapidity and infallible judgment, can arrive at results which a plodding intellect, compelled to make its way through a maze of facts and elusive tendencies, does not feel certain that it can itself reach at all. In his book on "Modern Egypt," Lord Cromer made the humiliating confession that he was many years in Egypt "before I fully realized how lit-

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tle I understood my subject." He added that "to the last day of my residence I was constantly learning something new." From this experience of his own, he was led to the rash conclusion: "No casual visitor can hope to obtain much real insight into the true state of native opinion." But Mr. Roosevelt showed the folly of all that. After one hurried visit, he was in a position to instruct and rebuke those who had given their lives to the problems of Egyptian administration. It is a great triumph for the intuitive philosophy in statesmanship. The University of Berlin knew what it was about when it made Roosevelt a doctor.

The point on which he chiefly enlightened Lord Cromer was the nationalist movement in Egypt. In cherishing or even tolerating this, England had made an enormous blunder. From this American, who announced himself "a radical, and a real not a mock democrat," the English learned that in encouraging the Egyptians to attempt anything like self-government, they had made a frightful mistake, and that they must at once retrace their steps, if they were to do "their duty to civilized mankind." This must have been peculiarly mortifying to Lord Cromer, for he, in his humdrum way, had assured his fellow-countrymen that the only alternative to annexing Egypt outright was to help on the Egyptians as soon as possible to rule themselves. His exact words were: "Egypt must eventually become autonomous, or it must be incorporated into the British Empire. Personally, I am decidedly in favor of moving in the direction of the former."

Indeed, while listening to Col. Roosevelt at the Guildhall, Lord Cromer must have blushed for the entire last chapter of his second volume, and wished that he could cancel it. In it he had asserted that the true governmental policy must be "based on accurate information and on a careful study of Egyptian facts and of the Egyptian character." He would doubtless give worlds to withdraw that now. Still more foolish, in the light of Mr. Roosevelt's convincing demonstration that Egyptian self-government is "not merely an empty but a noxious farce," appears Lord Cromer's advocacy of "a local legislature competent to deal with all local matters." He even dreamed of a scheme of autonomy "which will enable all the dwellers in cosmopolitan Egypt, be they Moslem or Christian, European, Asiatic, or African, to be fused into one self-governing body." But that was before he had heard the spokesman of the greatest self-governing nation in the world declare such a plan to be a compound of madness and crime.

With a sure hand, Mr. Roosevelt pointed out the great vice of Lord Cromer's Egyptian policy—which has long been, of course, the settled English policy. That vice is "sentimentality." Of all the broken reeds upon which righteousness may think to lean, sentimentality is the "most broken," affirmed Roosevelt. But is it not possible to be a sentimentalist about sentimentality? The real fault of the sentimentalist is that he will not study the facts, nor look before and after, but is swept away on the flood of his own emotions. Now, what are the facts about this awful "sentimentality" of the English, which so vexes Mr. Roosevelt's righteous soul? Behind the word, which he uses in opprobrium, lies a century of the liberal movement—all the aspiration for liberty and progress which has animated the speech and guided the action of a long line of statesmen and reformers. It would be absurd to call John Stuart Mill a sentimentalist. If any man ever spoke from reasoned conviction, he did; yet it was he who said: "I am not aware that any community has a right to force another to be civilized." To Roosevelt, all aglow with righteous desire to take uncivilized races by the throat and compel them to be altogether such as he is himself, that saying would seem adrip with sentimentalism; but the real question is whether there is not such a thing as a sentimentalism of fancied superiority and of what Lord Cromer himself called "a brutal antipathy" to the striving upwards of the native Egyptians. Which is the sentimentalist, the traveller who unsparingly condemns the nationalist movement in Egypt on the strength of hasty impressions, or the cautious and seasoned administrator who pleads for sympathy with it, and warns his countrymen that they must be prepared for temporary abuses of new-granted liberty, and that they, an alien race, cannot "ever create a feeling of loyalty in the breasts of the Egyptians akin to that felt by a self-governing people for indigenous rulers"? Sentimentality may be a broken reed, but it can hardly be a more unsafe support than extemporized knowledge and belligerent cock-sureness.

THE FISHERIES ARBITRATION.

The question of the North Atlantic fisheries, which has just come up for final disposition before an arbitral court at The Hague, is, in its origin, almost as old as American history. It was not many years after Cabot's discovery of Newfoundland that French fisheries began in that region. French fishing rights were defined in the treaties of Utrecht in 1713 and of Paris in 1763, and they did not cease to exist until six years ago, when they were abandoned under the terms of the general *entente* with England. Between Great Britain and the United States, the question is as old as American independence. The Treaty of Versailles in 1783 dealt with the matter. The War of 1812 disrupted existing arrangements. The Convention of Ghent in 1818 laid down the bases upon which the relations between the United States and the British colonies have continued to the present day. It is about the proper interpretation of the Convention of Ghent that the present arbitration proceedings centre. Difference of opinion on that point there has always been; but in so far as Canada is concerned, the question has been at rest for nearly twenty-five years, although under the apparently temporary form of a *modus vivendi* that has been indefinitely prolonged. Our quarrel to-day is with Newfoundland alone, and here, too, on issues that have really been raised only in the last five years. With roots running back to the year 1500, the specific questions that have led both nations to have recourse to The Hague have been to the front only since 1905.

Just what the points at issue are between the United States and the British Government, acting on behalf of Newfoundland, may best be brought out from the formal statement of the American position as it is outlined in the first of a formidable series of volumes containing "The Case of the United States." Article I of the Convention of Ghent is the subject of dispute, and concerning that article the Hague tribunal is asked to pass on no less than seven questions, of which we may mention the most important. The United States contends (1) that American fishery rights under the Treaty of Ghent

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are not subject to regulation by Great Britain, Canada, or Newfoundland, either with regard to the hours, days and seasons when fish may be taken on the treaty coasts, or the methods, means, and implements employed in taking fish, unless the reasonable and necessary nature of such regulations has been passed upon by the American and British Governments. The United States further contends (2) that American vessels, in the exercise of their fishery rights, may employ as members of their crew persons who are not inhabitants of the United States. The United States contends (3) that American fishing vessels cannot be subjected to the requirements of entry or report at custom-houses, or the payment of light or harbor dues, "or to any other similar requirement or condition or exaction."

In these three provisions is contained the gist of our dispute with Newfoundland, which, at bottom, is not so much a question of fishery rights as of commercial relations. In 1905 Premier Bond of Newfoundland initiated a crusade against the American winter herring fishery as part of a campaign to compel tariff concessions by the American Government to Newfoundland. It was the Newfoundland Premier's contention that the American herring fishery was not a fishery at all, but a trading operation. As summed up by a Newfoundland journalist, Mr. P. T. McGrath, in the *Review of Reviews*, "the practice of fifty years past has been for American vessels to visit the coast and purchase cargoes of these herrings from resident fishermen who actually caught them and sold them to the American crafts as a matter of ordinary commerce." Thus the situation is that, while a cargo of herrings caught by Newfoundland fishermen and transported in a British vessel has to pay a heavy duty on being brought into the United States, the same cargo brought in an American ship is admitted free of duty.

Premier Bond's protests against such a state of affairs took the form of a series of regulations forbidding the sale of bait fish to Americans, or the enlistment of native crews by American vessels in Newfoundland waters. This last prohibition was evaded by the practice of local fishermen in going outside of the three-mile limit to take service on an American vessel. Thereupon Premier Bond introduced a bill prohibiting residents of Newfoundland from going on the high seas for the purpose of shipping on American vessels, and confiscating any American ship found in colonial waters with others than inhabitants of the United States on board. The British Government, however, refused to sanction this bill. Other regulations forbade fishing by American vessels on Sunday—a prohibition in force throughout Newfoundland and Canada—and the use of purse-seines, herring-traps, and herring-seines, as being unduly destructive of the fish-supply. American fishermen were also required to register at the Newfoundland custom-houses, and to pay light duties.

Other questions that the Hague tribunal must pass on are the rights of natives of the United States to take fish in certain bays and inlets and to enter certain other bays and harbors for shelter, repairs, wood, or water. A more important point is whether the three-mile zone from which American vessels are excluded is to run parallel with the windings of the coast, as the United States maintains, or whether the zone is to be measured from the extreme outer headlands across a bay whose depth may be as much as twenty or thirty miles. But because these questions are capable of precise determination once and for all, as well as because of their lesser material importance, they are not likely to raise such difficulties as those features of former Premier Bond's policy that we have touched upon. It was largely the dominating personality of that Minister which stood in the way of an arrangement with the United States, and has necessitated recourse to an annual *modus vivendi*. Sir Edward Morris, who has succeeded Premier Bond, is of a more conciliatory frame of mind. On the specific point, for instance, of American ships purchasing their cargoes from Newfoundland fishermen, there is a large party in the island which believes that the practice is for the benefit of both countries. In any case, there should seem to be little doubt that a solution will be found at The Hague which will remove all chances of serious misunderstanding in the future.

PHILANTHROPY AND STATISTICS.

Never in modern times, it is safe to say, has there been so large or so fine a body of workers, turning away from lives of ease and self-indulgence to devote their capacities and their energies to the service of those who are at or near the bottom of the social scale. In the pages of the *Survey*, as one scans them from week to week, one gets some idea of how widespread are these activities, how earnest are these laborers. Every issue brings its tale of effort or achievement — investigation, agitation, legislation, relief.

In the number of last Saturday, the Poles of Buffalo form the leading subject. Following the example set by the Russell Sage Foundation in instituting the Pittsburgh Survey, a small group of citizens of Buffalo, headed by A. C. Goodyear, a young Yale graduate, have supported and supervised an investigation into the conditions which prevail in the Polish colony. The results of this undertaking are set forth in an admirable spirit in the *Survey* article by Mr. John Daniels, the director of the inquiry. He does not paint a picture of unrelieved darkness; on the contrary, he begins by presenting a large number of facts that testify to the thrift and progress of the Polish settlers. With a population of 80,000, with 60 per cent. of the men common laborers and 30 per cent. semi-skilled laborers, they hold real estate (including churches) whose estimated value is about $12,000,000, subject to mortgages amounting to about $4,000,000; they have about $2,500,000 in savings banks; of the 19,000 families, 4,000 own their homes. They have about 1,000 "shops and business places"—most of them, of course, very small, but some of them of good magnitude. And these facts are the more impressive when we consider that the immigration is so recent; the 80,000 of to-day was only 10,000 no longer ago than 1881. It is no wonder, then, that Mr. Daniels says: "The Poles are industrious, thrifty, pertinacious, home-building, family-founding. So they possess many of the qualities fundamental to the best citizenship. With their homes and business places, they have built up a large area of the city. These are the things which make them an asset to Buffalo."

With this exhibit to begin with—as evidence, perhaps, of good faith and as encouragement for the optimist—Mr. Daniels goes on to tell us of the hardships that exist and of the evils that should be overcome. It is a familiar story. Overcrowding, irregular employ-

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ment, insufficient wages, inadequate schooling, and the rest of it. A special feature consists in the alienation from the general currents of American life due to concentration in one district and to the support of parochial schools in the lower grades of which the English instruction is very meagre, many of the teachers not speaking English at all, or too poorly for use in teaching. For these various evils, Mr. Daniels urges remedies—an active city employment bureau to reduce unemployment, industrial schools to bring about increased wages, more adequate tenement inspection to improve housing conditions, restriction of the number of saloons and the rooting out of the worst of them to diminish crime, compulsory school attendance and a higher standard of instruction in the parochial schools to improve educational conditions. And there is little doubt that the earnest and careful statement of facts, and the proposal of these remedial measures, will work out great good.

When we come, however, to statistics, and especially to the comments on them, we find here, as so often in similar cases, a certain lack of insight and lack of perspective which it is by no means unimportant to note. Let us take, in this instance, the way the case is summed up in the editorial columns of the *Survey:*

> Thus Buffalo, and for Buffalo again read America, has permitted low wages, low standards, poor houses, crowding, and it has been paid in kind. The Poles form 16 per cent. of the population; 33 per cent. of the applicants for charitable relief are Polish, and from 25 to 28 per cent. of the court cases; so are 38 per cent. of the Buffalo babies who die before they are a year old; so are 37 per cent. of the Buffalo children who die before they are five; so are over 38 per cent. of the Buffalo boys and girls who get to the Juvenile Court. The Poles furnish 31 per cent. of the truants as against a Polish enrolment of 22 per cent. All this means not only vital loss, but waste of municipal expenditures. Other evidences might be multiplied.

Now this statistical showing is evidently meant to be of a terrifying, even a tragic character. But is it? Is there anything surprising or shocking in the fact that a body of people, many of them newly arrived in a state of extreme poverty, the great bulk of the whole belonging to the ranks of unskilled labor, should furnish twice as many applicants for charitable relief as would be their share in comparison with the whole population of this wealthy American city? Is it appalling that the number of court cases per thousand inhabitants among the poorest people of a city is one and a half times as great as it is in the population at large? As for the infant mortality, the figures do not on their face bear any intelligible significance; it is impossible to tell in what degree the fact that the Poles furnish two and a quarter times their share of infant deaths may be due to their furnishing much more than their share of infant births. Some hint of the actual conditions in this regard is unconsciously furnished by the figures of truancy; for the editor of the *Survey* does not note the significance of the fact that the school enrolment of the Poles, by his own figures, is nearly half again as great per capita as that of Buffalo at large. When it is borne in mind that the Polish children, of course, are not kept so long at school as the average, it seems plain enough that they have far more than their quota of children of school age, and in all probability far more than their quota of births. Indeed, looking at the whole set of figures with the eye of reason, they are so far from appalling that the only surprise is there should be so little about them of sinister significance.

In making these comments, we by no means wish to break the force of the assertions or conclusions of Mr. Daniels as to the conditions he describes. Statistics or no statistics, the living conditions of the poorest of our workers are such as we must bend every effort to improve. Many of the details he gives speak for themselves and need no elaborate computations to indicate their importance. But it is nevertheless important that we shall not acquire the habit of viewing with consternation displays of figures which may not mean what they imply on their face, and which, even if they do mean that, have no profounder or more startling significance than that there are rich and poor among us. This we all know without the figures; and before these are accepted as constituting a new arraignment of the existing state of society—a kind of arraignment abundantly used for the promotion of socialist agitation—it is our duty to ask whether they add anything to the general facts which no one denies, and with which the world has been dealing in a spirit of conservative progress for a century.

THE MATERIALS OF ROMANCE.

O. Henry's stories have the swiftness and the point of the anecdote. In this he was like Maupassant, with whom he has been somewhat recklessly compared. It is the essence of the anecdote that it shall keep its surprise to the end. Just enough art must be employed to keep alive the hearer's interest for the laugh or the gasp to which everything else leads up. That is the way the school-boy tries to write a short story, and that is the way Maupassant wrote his close-packed little tales of fifteen hundred words apiece. This final start of humor or surprise, which imprints a narrative sharply on the mind, O. Henry had in the stories that first brought him into notice. It appears in the burlesque adventure of the two American roustabouts in Venezuela who call up their last reserve of manhood to celebrate the Fourth of July with appropriate patriotic ceremonies, only to discover that the day is Christmas. It appears in the story of the little East Side tailor who gives up his week's wages for the honor of shaking hands with the saloonkeeper who achieves the honor of shaking hands in a Broadway restaurant with a weary member of the Four Hundred who, in turn, breaks the monotony of existence by going down to the East Side and shaking hands with the little tailor's apprentice. Later, O. Henry fell away from this highly architectural form of the short story. He went in more for the long and sprawling narrative, where the climaxes come in every paragraph and where the beginning or the middle is just as exciting as the end. The final little choke-up of laughter or tears was not quite so apparent.

But at all times the anecdotal quality was strong in O. Henry's stories, and it was this quality that made them capable of conveying the romance of New York's streets and her common life as no one before him had succeeded in doing. The anecdote must have swiftness and point, and they were most easily obtained by seizing a cross-section of life and giving to it the polish of fancy. O. Henry wrote many impossible stories. But they were impossible stories about possible people, whereas the ordinary product of the magazines to-day is impossible stories about impossible people. He took the tramp, the waitress, the shop-girl, the clerk, and

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put them into a setting of tragedy or farce, but always in a romantic setting. He put plot into their drab lives, keeping the psychological realities largely true. He lacked Maupassant's perfection of form, which consisted in a seeming unconsciousness of form. On this point the difference between the two men might be something like the difference between the survivor of a shipwreck who tells of his escape and the gifted narrator who tells the story at second-hand. Maupassant would be the actual survivor in the case. O. Henry would be the anecdotist. He was always aware that he was telling a story. The art of it was quite visible. But beneath the art the sense of something real, something poignantly human, was seldom lacking.

It is probably by his earlier stories, his dramatic pen-sketches of New York, that he will be best remembered. With prosperity came a certain coarsening, or at least an overemphasis, of his manner. He made concessions to the public's ravening demand for slang; his fancy often became fantastic, his humor grew boisterous. But the instinct for dramatic surprise, which is the making of a real short story, he retained, and with it that sense of human reality which, united to fanciful form, makes romance. How was it that the romance of New York should have been so well caught by one who, until almost middle age, had not known the city? He himself once supplied the answer. It was not the romance of New York he was depicting. It was the romance of the common human heart and of the common life. He put the case in simple fashion:

> They say I know New York well. Just change Twenty-third Street in one of my New York stories to Main Street, rub out the Flatiron building and insert Town Hall, and the story will fit any up-State town just as well. So long as a story is true to human nature all you need to do to make it fit any town is to change the local color. You can make all the characters of the Arabian Nights parade up and down Broadway.

This is so old and so undisputed a formula that it is natural to find it quite neglected in practice. The local colorists among us have been busy enough in all conscience; it is the elemental factor of human nature that they have so persistently overlooked.

A "LAOKOÖN" FOR THE TIMES.

Nearly a century and a half ago, Lessing wrote the "Laokoön" to attack the prevailing pseudo-classic doctrine of imitation, and especially the maxim that poetry should be pictorial—*ut pictura poesis*. Undoubtedly his vigorous polemic did much to discredit the pedantic criticism and arid verse-mongering at which it was aimed, but apart from him the solid earth was trembling under the maxim makers and the society they represented. Rousseau and Diderot were already preaching the gospel of lawless spontaneity, and the French revolution was a short generation away. Since Rousseau, the primacy of feeling and the distrust of thought have been either advocated or tacitly accepted by our most considerable artists in letters. The emphatic bombast of *Sturm und Drang*, the more ingenious sensualism and Titanism of the French and German romantics, the formless yet iridescent pruriency of much of recent decadent poetry—all are phases of one process, the exaltation of the isolated sensation and the scorn of the controlling mind. And as literature has been deintellectualized, it has been devitalized, for real passion being substituted frenetic emphasis or diffused voluptuousness. With a sense that we are at a spiritual pass that requires a reaction analogous to Lessing's, Prof. Irving Babbitt of Harvard has attempted to sketch out a New Laokoön, for the times.*

I.

For a moment, we shall follow the argument of this stimulating and masculine book. This will imply an elaboration of the antithesis rudely stated above. The pseudo-classic fallacy rested primarily on a misunderstanding of Aristotle's theory of imitation. This word played havoc with criticism from the Renaissance onwards. Evidently promiscuous imitation of unselected nature was inexpedient—here the common sense of the period asserted itself. Instead, however, of seeking a law of selection—and in this Aristotle rightly read would have helped—the critics had recourse to authority. Imitate nature, yes, but beautiful nature (*belle nature*), and that you will most conveniently find already selected and consecrated in the pages of Homer and Virgil. Under the pressure of pedantic intermediaries, literature, in fact, began to shrink in content and expressiveness. Nothing was left to whim or inspiration. Common sense almost supplanted imagination, which for more than a generation was a term of reproach, denoting mental extravagance. The poet was conceived as a shrewd linguistic geometer, deftly assembling his words and phrases in the interest of an illusion potent enough to capture a skeptical reader. Poetry itself, then, was to be an elaborate and thoughtful deception. Professor Babbitt points out most suggestively that the pseudo-classical tendency to subtleties of analysis, the dogma of the immutable *genres*, the assertion of the authority of the classics, were in essence so many by-products of the Catholic reaction. Those casuists who in life believed that men should be deceived for their own good, quite logically consented to the theory that in art men should be deceived for their own pleasure. The police of the Church, who dreaded all spontaneity as a step towards insubordination, naturally minimized the rôle of imagination in poetry. The reason they could deal with, for, prelates or critics, they were cleverer than the minds they addressed. The feelings were refractory; put them then in the safe-keeping of Aristotle and Mother Church. *Endlich kam Lessing.*

To the well-worn subject of Lessing, Professor Babbitt brings not merely a fresh enthusiasm, but also some new points of view. Excellent is the parallel between Lessing's reform and Luther's. Just as the great Protestant appealed from a beclouded tradition to an infallible but misread Bible, so Lessing appealed from the commentators of Aristotle to the text of the "Poetics." He sought to overthrow the pseudo-Aristotelians by making real Aristotelians. The success of his polemic was great, because he literally undermined his opponents, showed that they grossly misunderstood not merely their master, Aristotle, but also their working models, Virgil and Homer. On the constructive side Lessing's work was less effective. He struck out to be sure with unique emphasis what we may call the law of the artist's material. But oddly enough Rousseau had anticipated him in the statement that painting works immediately in space, whereas literature works piecemeal in time. Moreover, singularly little has been made practically out of what would seem a germinal idea. Except for casual flashes in Ruskin, I hardly recall any serious consideration of this law of the material. Possibly the easiest confutation of some recent literary extravagances would be not that they do violence to common sense or morals, but that they do violence to language itself. In any case, Lessing's constructive counsels were few, and infected with a certain Protestant dryness. What he succeeded in proving was that a literary order already doomed richly deserved to die. It perished at the hands of revolutionists, whom Lessing, could he have read their course, would have regarded with equal scorn and with more misgiving than he bestowed upon the Rymers and Gottscheds. In fact, the simple and pregnant

**The New Laokoön.* By Irving Babbitt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

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tice exclusively. Neither has the President, as the representative of the public, anything to do with it except that it is his bounden duty as the public prosecutor to present to the courts all available evidence which tends to show that they are law-breakers. Their appeal to the President asks him to omit the performance of that duty in their case and thus protect them against the due administration of justice. That appeal and every similar one is necessarily one of two things, viz., it is either a tacit confession of guilt and a plea for Executive clemency in advance of trial and conviction, or it is a plea of innocence and an appeal to the Executive to rescue the innocents from the jurisdiction of the courts upon the ground that the judiciary is, in their case, unfit to be entrusted with the administration of justice. The absurdity of all such appeals is well illustrated in the one now made by the Trusts. That appeal is based upon the claim that the law, if enforced, would work a great public injury by destroying practically all trade combinations, both good and bad, and by paralyzing business. Now the intention of the law is, as everybody knows, not to injure but to benefit the public; and all that the courts are asked to do in enforcing the law is so to interpret and apply it as to effectuate that intention. The main purpose of the law is perfectly clear, viz., to prohibit and punish such combinations as are harmful, and those only. To suppose for a moment that Congress intended to prohibit and punish all those thousands of combinations that are not only harmless but beneficial, and to do so to the extent of "bringing business to a standstill," as they say, would be the height of absurdity, but that is what we are told the courts are required to do in enforcing this law. But no judge in his senses would hold that such was the legislative intent, even if the law were so unfortunately worded as to be literally susceptible of such construction. He would hold that the intention of the law was to prohibit only such combinations as are harmful, and that it devolves upon the courts to determine in each instance whether the particular combination in question is or is not harmful and obnoxious to the purpose of the statute. This task it is conceded will in some cases be a very difficult one, but it is by no means impossible.

Tribunals that habitually grapple with much more difficult problems—such, for instance, as determining whether a certain man who was at all other times sane, was at a certain hour in a certain day and year insane—surely ought to be equal to it. To say that they are not equal to it, and must not be allowed to undertake it, would be to admit that these harmful combinations are more powerful than the government, that their illegitimate methods have become so intertwined with the legitimate methods of those that are not harmful that the former cannot be distinguished and disentangled from the latter, but must be permitted to continue their noxious growth till the harvest. Certainly it is not for the Executive to recognize, and be swerved from his duty by, any such alleged inability on the part of the courts. And as regards the merits of the matter it is a noticeable and somewhat amusing fact that these cries for Executive interference with the courts of justice come, not from the thousands of small, harmless combinations which are thus alleged to be threatened with ruin, but from the few great ones whose characters have become notoriously shady. The latter have suddenly become the self-appointed guardians of the former, and are striving nobly to save their wards from destruction at the hands of the courts of justice. The solicitude thus shown by these big ones for their smaller and weaker brethren (whom they have not yet crushed) is a beautiful and touching example of corporate altruism, thus belying the reputation fastened by Lord Thurlow on all corporations as wholly selfish and soulless beings, non-kickable and non-cursable.

Such being the nature of these appeals to the Executive, the growing tendency to tolerate them and to recognize the assumption that the President has such discretion needs to be vigorously repressed by keeping before the public mind the true nature of law and of Executive authority, and their relations to each other.

What is the law as regards the Executive? Is it a license? or a mandate?—a license to do or not to do something as he may choose? or a mandate *to do* regardless of his own choice? A legislative enactment which is not such a mandate—which does not lay upon the Executive the duty of its own enforcement—is no law at all. It lacks the very first essential of all law, namely, a definite and positive legal sanction, which is as binding upon the Executive authority as upon citizen or subject. An enactment which leaves that sanction to the pleasure of the Executive is virtually an abdication *pro tanto* by the legislative power of its proper function, and leads either to government by personal dictation as distinguished from government by law, or to anarchy. In so far as the Executive branch of the government is concerned, there is no logical halting place between a strict enforcement of the law according to its terms because it is the law, and an enforcement or non-enforcement according to Executive pleasure. If the Executive may rightfully suspend the operation of part of the law part of the time, he may, in like manner, suspend the operation of all of the law all of the time. This notion that the law is in the nature of a power of attorney from the people to the Executive under which he is to act according to his own discretion, and to determine when and where and how far and against whom the law shall be enforced, is a radical innovation and is irreconcilably at war with the spirit of our institutions.

And yet that notion has now become strangely prevalent, as is shown in connection with the Anti-Trust law, where one hears on every hand the question, "Is the President going to enforce the law?" Is he going to enforce the law! What a question! You might as well ask, "Is he going to remain President?" For what is he President, if not to enforce the law? For what was the law enacted, if not to be enforced? It is frequently said, too, that he is going to enforce the law because he finds that the people want it enforced. What a misconception of the nature of law is thus involved! When and how did he make this astonishing discovery? We had supposed the people's wishes in this regard to be well understood ever since the law was enacted. What better evidence of the will of the people has the President found than that which is contained in the law itself?—the law being nothing more nor less than the will of the people carefully formulated and declared through and by the authorities regularly constituted for that express purpose.

In the making of every law found on the statute books, the President has already exercised a voice—the voice given him by the Constitution. Every such law has been enacted either with his approval or by virtue of such a majority of the people's representatives as makes it a law notwithstanding his disapproval. Now to concede him the discretion in question would be to vest him with a second and extra-Constitutional veto power far greater than the first—a power by which he could virtually nullify every law and override not only the expressed will of the people, but also his own approval or that of a previous Executive.

Witness the action of the last preceding Executive in connection with the so-called Tennessee Coal & Iron merger, in which the President assumed to fix in advance the status of the proposed merger as legal or immune by giving it his approval. If a President can validly do what was thus attempted, what becomes of the line of demarcation between the Executive branch of the government on the one hand, and the legislative and judicial branches on the other? Nay, what become of the latter branches themselves? They are henceforth merely subordinate and advisory assistants to the supreme authority exercised by the Executive.

The evils of non-enforcement are impressively exemplified in the case of the Anti-Trust law. When this law was enacted, some twenty years ago, the evils against which it is aimed were still in their infancy, and, had the law been promptly and faithfully enforced from that time to this, as the Constitution requires, the present conditions would never have existed. There would have been a gradual adjustment between the law and the business interests involved, in which the latter would have gradually shaped themselves conformably to the requirements of the law, and the law would have been interpreted, and if necessary modified or amended, so as to meet the legitimate exigencies of business. Let us then have done with this pernicious idea of Executive discretion in law enforcement, and no longer

> Make a scarecrow of the law,
> Setting it up to fright the birds of prey
> And leaving it inert till custom make it
> Their perch and not their terror.

HERBERT L. BAKER.

Detroit, May 23.

NEEDED CHANGES IN OUR PATENT SYSTEM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Senator Daniels has presented a bill to Congress which provides for a new Patent Office building at Washington. The interest shown in this bill, together with the fact that there is a movement among European nations to aid and promote invention, makes a consideration of our patent system extremely important.

A study of the lives of inventors shows that many have struggled in poverty and hardship, without encouragement or assistance, and when at last their work has been completed, they have often failed through lack of business ability or through failure to interest others in their work. In Al-

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most all these cases the work has been hampered and delayed through lack of equipment, and in some of them, by actual physical privation. If this is true of those whose lives we find recorded, how many there must be who lie in unmarked graves, their aims not realized, their life-work unrewarded.

The inventions of the past century have been, to a great extent, the practical application of discoveries of an earlier age, and have been worked out through a process of development to which more than one man has contributed. Under our system it is difficult to establish priority of claim, and the granting of a patent to the first claimant has sometimes been unjust. Also, there is no protection for the man who has contributed to the invention, unless he has patented some part (which might seriously interfere with the granting of a new patent). In this way the contributions of other inventors have often been overlooked in the completed work. The origination of an idea is essentially important; those who aid in development are also deserving of recognition, but too often both have been disregarded because a patent was issued to the man who made the final discovery or improvement.

In addition to this hardship and injustice our present system also permits a monopoly in the manufacture and use of inventions, which is costly to the public, and causes economic loss by limiting production. Take for example the leasing of patented machinery to favored producers, or the patenting of processes of manufacture, which prevent competition and establish private monopolies. This monopolistic idea too often makes the inventor a victim of unscrupulous promoters, and the attempt to protect him results only in the piling up of wealth in the coffers of those who have done little to deserve it. Would it not be a decided help to American progress if we could establish a system which would encourage the worker, give recognition to those who assist in the process of development, and at the same time protect the interests of the public?

We have at Washington a corps of experts whose duty it is to pass judgment on all applications for patents, to examine the practicability, and priority of claim, and to decide according to their findings. Would it not be feasible to have this board of experts examine the plans of an inventor, on application by him, and, if they found the project a promising one, provide him with means to carry on his work? Perhaps the most practical method would be to establish a government workshop where the inventor would have every advantage of equipment, and where the supervision of government experts would greatly facilitate his work. Such supervision would also prevent a wrong use of government aid. This would be the same kind of assistance as that which we are now giving to farmers by means of the Department of Agriculture and the various experiment stations. The government workshop would probably be self-supporting, just as our patent office now is.

In order to reach some of the other defects of our patent system, we might introduce a plan whereby the successful inventor who had received government aid, should receive a royalty on his invention, but the government should retain the patent right. It could then allow freedom of competition in manufacture, or grant special monopoly privileges in case of inventions which carried a greater amount of risk and thus needed protection. The government could exact a royalty, to repay its expenditure, in cases of commercial and industrial improvements.

This plan need not affect the private inventor, or anyone who preferred to carry on his work in his own shop or laboratory, but I believe the payment of a royalty to the inventor would prove to be of general advantage. This royalty could be made larger in the case of the private inventor, but the government would still control the patent rights, and could give the public all the advantages to be derived from new devices, as well as prevent the strife and litigation which are so common to-day.

In Germany men of science are aided by the government, and that country has advanced by enormous strides in the past two decades. In France aid is given to carry on experimental work. In a recent article Sir George Reid urged the English people to take active measures to promote invention. Now that we are about to expend several millions of dollars in the erection of a new home for our patent office, it seems eminently fitting that we should make some provision to promote our own industrial progress.

WILLIAM C. AVERY.

Boston, June 1.

AN AMERICAN NEWSPAPER INDEX.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The approaching joint meeting of the two leading American library societies, the American Library Association and the new Special Libraries Association, to be held at Mackinac Island in July, will afford opportunity to discuss a project which would be of the greatest value to patrons of every library, public, private, or special. This is the proposed publication of an adequate index to one or more representative American newspapers.

No better example can be found of what such an index should be than the Annual Index to the London *Times*, which has been issued in monthly parts and annual volumes since 1906. In thoroughness, completeness, and usefulness it is unsurpassed. The volumes constitute a treasury of current English and world history of constant value to the editor and professional student. Few volumes are more frequently referred to or relied upon in the libraries of carefully edited periodicals.

The fact that we have no great national newspaper in the United States, owing largely to the vast area of the country, and to its diversified local interests, precludes the selection of one newspaper for indexing. Even if that were feasible, it would be argued, very properly, that the publication of an index to a single newspaper should be undertaken by the publishers of that newspaper, as is the case with the Index to the London *Times*.

The support of the Carnegie Institution, for example, might, however, be very properly enlisted in supporting an index to three or four representative newspapers from different sections of the country. Thus such an index might include the following newspapers: the New York *Evening Post*, the Boston *Transcript*, the Chicago *Tribune* or *Record-Herald*, and one Pacific Coast paper. It would list every important article, omitting minor local items, and should cover adequately the interests of the entire country.

No index to news in general or to any one newspaper in particular can be so valuable as one upon the lines of the periodical indexes, which can be relied upon to list the important articles and news in certain representative newspapers. Every one knows that articles are constantly appearing in newspapers of the standing of the Boston *Transcript*, the Springfield *Republican*, and the New York *Evening Post*, which merit rescue from that chamber of oblivion, the library newspaper room. Many of these articles are just as valuable as most of those listed in the periodical indexes, far more so than nine-tenths of the fiction and verse, the titles of which crowd the pages of those indexes.

What library, for example, can refer to Prof. Barrett Wendell's biographical study of Henry Cabot Lodge, to Thomas Wentworth Higginson's page of reminiscences of Agassiz, to John Jay Chapman's life of Samuel Gridley Howe, to Wardon Allan Curtis's study of Milwaukee and the triumph of Socialism, to the *Evening Post's* article on the sale of American securities in Europe, to mention but a half-dozen articles which have appeared in newspapers within the past few weeks? PAUL P. FOSTER.

Boston, The *Youth's Companion* Library, May 25.

SHAKESPEARE AND PESCETTI.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am very glad that Miss Cipriani has called attention to Orlando Pescetti's "Cesare," an interesting play in spite of its long-windedness, and in these days strangely overlooked. I have discussed it briefly in my article on Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" in the current number of the Publications of the Modern Language Association, and attempted to indicate its relations to Muret's Latin "Cæsar" and to the stream of dramatic tradition concerning Cæsar, which sprang from his adaptations of Seneca. It is, however, a matter of grave doubt with me whether it can be shown that Shakespeare made any use of Pescetti's play. Verbal coincidences there undoubtedly are, but so there are between any two Cæsar plays; considering the large amount of material and the frequency with which it has been handled, any other situation would be surprising. For example, the flourishing of the bloody sword and the cry of "Liberty!" is in Muret and all the rest, but the washing in the blood of Cæsar, which does not appear in the passage quoted from Pescetti, is not only in Shakespeare, but also in Sir William Alexander's "Cæsar." Yet between these last it would be virtually impossible to show any immediate connection. The parallel-passage argument is nowhere more tempting and nowhere more dangerous than in dealing with such a vast body of material of all ages as connects itself with Julius Cæsar.

HARRY MORGAN AYRES.

Columbia University, June 2.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The same mail which brings me the *Nation* brings me also the June number of the Publications of the Modern

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Language Association. From Dr. H. M. Ayres's article on Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" it appears that an expert source-hunter has already tried and rejected Pescetti's tragedy, "Cesare," as a source of the Elizabethan play. The verbal parallels suggested by L. Cipriani in this week's *Nation* are not of a kind to suggest direct borrowing. The speeches are such as would be required in dramatizing Plutarch, although nothing in the original appears directly to suggest them. By the way, one scholar says of Pescetti's play that it is "intolerably wordy," the other that "it has intrinsic merit." When doctors disagree. etc.

HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN.

Yale University, June 2.

Literature.

REMINISCENCES OF OSCAR BROWNING.

Memories of Sixty Years at Eton, Cambridge, and Elsewhere. By Oscar Browning, M.A. New York: John Lane Co. $5 net.

Students of early Italian painting will recall those vivid representations of human souls being tugged in mid-air by a representative of heaven and of the pit. There was a time when Oscar Browning's soul was thus disputed. Lady Tennyson firmly drew him toward revealed religion, while George Eliot vigorously claimed him for positivism. Happily, the gentler influence prevailed, and latter-day Christianity was not deprived of the ornament of an "O. B." Some slight travesty of this interesting episode must be pardoned because it gives emphasis to a marked quality of this autobiography. Mr. Browning zealously records the adventures of a soul among celebrities. Established for fifteen years as a master of Eton, and for thirty-five as a Fellow of King's, Cambridge, multilingual, a traveller throughout Europe and a frequent sojourner in the most favored resorts, gifted with a genial and attractive personality, Mr. Browning made acquaintance as distinguished as it was wide, so that eventually standing before kings was almost in his day's work.

We cannot call the roll. In more or less vivid fashion Cavour, Antonelli, Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, King Edward of England, Browning, Tennyson, Ruskin, Newman, Henry Sidgwick, Jebb, the brilliant parodist and orator, J. K. Stephen; the creator of the new journalism, G. W. Steevens, are passed in review. Americans rarely appear among Mr. Browning's lions, but there is cordial, if not quite tactful, mention of John Bigelow at Berlin and of the Storys at Rome. Such reminiscences are in general rather casual and amusing than extended and intimate. We see Gladstone solemnly doing Cambridge and remarking the growing "brutalization of the House of Commons." A reverent throng followed quietly, and Mrs. Gladstone suggested: "Let us stop a minute and let them have a good look at him." Through the need of filling a column expeditiously, Robert Browning's first book was reviewed by the London *Repository* in the following summary fashion: "Pauline—balderdash." For the next number John Stuart Mill offered a favorable notice which had to be rejected because the *Repository* was already on record. By this accident the poet felt his fame had been delayed twenty years. Tennyson once told our author that "Lucretius" was written to show "how an indelicate subject might be treated delicately," and as he was reading it he exclaimed: "What a mess little Swinburne would have made of this!" The visitor spoke of Swinburne's lyrical power, and Tennyson said: "Yes, he can write French lyrics."

Just before the capture of Rome our author saw the Papal Court in its splendor, and at the Œcumenical Council of 1870 met many of the chief actors. Lord Odo Russell, astutest of papal ambassadors, told him that the most delicate affair he had ever adjusted concerned a cat. The exiled Queen of Naples, an excellent pistol shot, lived near Cardinal Antonelli's mother, "the houses standing back to back, a wall forming the frontier of their respective domains":

> On the top of this wall used to parade a magnificent Persian cat, the property of the cardinal's mother. The Queen, who rose very early, saw the cat one morning, and the temptation was too strong for her. She fired, and it fell. The excitement was tremendous, the chanceries of the Holy City were overwhelmed with correspondence, but the affair was at last composed by the efforts of Odo Russell, the universal peacemaker. He told me that up to that time the two most difficult affairs which had fallen to his lot to arrange were the embroilment of Gen. Fox [who had been challenged by the French commandant] and the murder of Cardinal Antonelli's mother's cat.

Although deeply interested in the picturesqueness of old Rome, Mr. Browning is a believer in the *Risorgimento*. He finds the Rome of the King in many respects superior to that of the Pope, and by no means less fascinating. At Florence, before the march to Rome, he was surprised at the lack of enthusiasm for Victor Emmanuel. A cab-driver said sadly, "If it had only been Garibaldi!" As a matter of fact, the Florentines are little given to noisy enthusiasms. A few years later, while visiting a secondary school at Rome, Mr. Browning saw full justice done to the King liberator. The reading was in the first canto of the "Inferno," where appears a mysterious hound (*Veltro*) symbolizing a liberator of Italy. The master asked for the interpretation of the symbolism, and an eager small boy shouted the traditional answer, "Can Grande della Scala." "The master's face fell, but the other boys, more astute, if less well-informed, cried out with one voice: 'Vittorio Emmanuele,' and the honor of the school was saved. The Italians delighted to think that Veltro was a cryptogram, the solution of which was: Vittorio Emmanuele, Liberatore Trionfante, Re Ottimo." Certainly, the anecdote casts a certain light on the enthusiasms that made modern Italy, and it is not so sure that the shade of Dante would have disowned this apparently grotesque interpretation of his symbol.

Before leaving the celebrities we must recall that memorable visit at which Mr. Browning's fellow-guests were Turgenieff and Mr. and Mrs. Lewes.

> The conversation turned upon the character of the French nation, and Turgenieff related how he had seen a play in Paris in which a woman with young children had been deserted by her husband and left penniless. A kind friend took her as his wife, but could not marry her, because the husband was alive. He became very rich, and they lived very happily together. Twenty years afterwards, the husband, a thorough rascal, reappeared, and, finding that his wife was prosperous, determined to profit by it. He revealed himself to his daughter, whom he had left as an infant. The second husband came into the room and kissed the young lady as he had done for the last twenty years. The real father hit him in the face, and said: *Vous n'avez pas le droit de faire cela*, upon which the whole house applauded, and Turgenieff stood up in his box and hissed. George Eliot listened to this with breathless interest; there was so much in it which fitted her own case, that I wondered that Turgenieff should have repeated it. The whole scene was deeply impressive.

Turgenieff on this occasion told some almost incredibly good stories of Victor Hugo. On mentioning Goethe to Hugo, he readily replied, "Yes, I have read his 'Wallenstein.'" On a reminder that not Goethe, but Schiller had written "Wallenstein" the poet remarked genially: "My dear man, I assure you that I have never read a line of those fellows, but I know them as if I had written their works myself." Goethe, whom Victor Hugo naturally pronounced Goet, was dismissed on another interview with the saying, "Pour moi, je regarde Goet comme Jésus Christ aurait regardé Messaline."

Mr. Browning is so well known as a wit and man of the world that many readers will resent a little the space given to his educational theories and experience. We are not of that opinion. Mr. Browning's miscellaneous and historical writing, though considerable in extent, and his legend, though it is a diverting one, both fail to express him. Through a laborious career as schoolmaster, tutor, and college lecturer, he has stood for certain definite and valuable ideals of education. His concern has been to train statesmen; his faith that they are best bred in the humani-

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ties; his programme to enrich the traditional classical course by the study of politics and modern literatures. Long before Kipling had berated

The flannelled fool at the wicket,

Mr. Browning, at Eton, had protested against "school play" as a fetish, and had contrived to interest his boys in such alien matters as history, modern languages, and the fine arts. He was the leader of what were scornfully called the "high souls" against the "blodgers." His zeal cost him his position, for the "blodgers" then as now predominated in the land. In 1875, he became a fellow of King's Cambridge, just in time to aid in its transformation from a comfortable annex of Eton to the most active of the "reading colleges." Here he found his opportunity. The Political Society, a voluntary weekly club for papers and free discussion, was founded by him, and conducted for a full generation. In his rooms, he held Sunday evenings with talk and music which were frequented by the undergraduates. He endeavored to liberalize the Modern Language Tripos, but was outvoted by the philologians. With Henry Sidgwick, he founded the Training College for Teachers, at Cambridge. With quite extraordinary friendliness he has left his impress upon successive generations of undergraduates, and his pupils, not his bibliography, represent his work. Among them, including those whom he tutored privately, are Alfred Lyttelton, Gerald Balfour, Austen Chamberlain, Leo Maxse, and Lord Curzon. An ironic destiny has willed that a genuine Liberal and Home Ruler—Mr. Browning twice stood unsuccessfully for Parliament on that issue—should have sharpened the wits of Unionist and Tory statesmen. But this is a chance of war and teaching, which he has cheerfully accepted. We may close a random survey of this very interesting book with a passage that gives at once the author's attitude toward education and that of all humanists:

> For me education, apart from instruction, consists in literature and literature only. Classical education, however narrow it may have been, was at least an education in literature, and it cannot safely be dispensed with, unless some other form of literary education takes its place.

There are several portraits of the author beginning with Simeon Solomon's delicate drawing, which dates from the Eton mastership, to Zuloaga's robust presentment of ten years ago, which well confirms the memory of an occasional visitor at King's.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Life for a Life. By Robert Herrick New York: The Macmillan Co.

Again Mr. Herrick has written a striking novel rather than a big one. In structure and machinery the present story shows a distinct advance upon "Together" and its predecessors. In reviewing "Together" we had occasion to deplore this writer's "tendency to scatter the interest by the multiplicity of minor actions." We have been interested in Mr. Herrick's subsequent declaration that "what the ignorant reviewer calls the formlessness of that crowded canvas is a more or less deliberate attempt to return to the larger, more fluid form of the novel as developed by the great English and Russian writers." Whatever the attempt, the result was diffused to the point of weakness; and apparently the experimenter has not thought well enough of his effort to repeat it. There are few figures upon the present canvas, and there is no doubt of their meaning. The problems of private life, of matrimony, of business, and pleasure, pursued by the individual as such, have but an incidental place in this story. In a sense, it is a parable—a modern Pilgrim's Progress along the hard ways of our life of to-day, the pilgrim representing humanity, not a personality. It seems that the writer has meant to invest his human figures with a certain vagueness, to represent them as types and symbols: a hard attempt for a man with the realist's training and habit. Again and again the elevated and mystical strain chosen for the narrative is broken in upon by passages of clear-cut and remorseless description, effective in themselves, but irritating and distracting in their context.

The persons and the setting are, we say, deliberately vague. The hero, Hugh Grant, is youthful manhood; Alexandra Arnold is youthful womanhood; her father is power incarnate—unscrupulous and insatiable power. In connection with these three the action virtually works itself out. The theme is "timely" to the point of commonplaceness—the theme with which scores of American story-writers are now wrestling. What is the honest man to do in the presence of unjust monopoly, of heartless greed and fraud exercising themselves openly, under the protection of the law? Hugh, the typical healthy youth, approaches the problem with an honest and open mind. He is a foundling, decently reared by a poor and honorable man. On the threshold of his own career, he meets Alexandra, of another class by virtue of her father's wealth. She has her father's temper and point of view. To play the game, to win at all costs, seem to her the rules of a man's life. Hugh plays the game and succeeds up to the point when his eyes are fully opened to the meaning of his success. Then he throws up all his chances, and proclaims himself the enemy of the grasping corporation for which he has worked, and to whose high councils he has risen. Of course he can do nothing: his facts and protests fall flat upon the ear of a smiling administration at Washington. He becomes a humble wage-earner; disease assails him; the woman he loves marries one of his enemies. He dies, an obscure failure in the eyes of the world. But through all his struggles he has ripened and grown. His is the real success so blatantly travestied upon the hoarding which corrupts the sky-line for a whole city; so impossibly claimed by the rich criminals from whose number he has fled. And his spirit is destined to live after him in the ministrations of the woman Alexandra, converted to his point of view by suffering and love.

The latter part of the narrative is, we must confess, disappointing, composed of incident and dialogue which not the most serious intention of the author has been able to raise above melodrama. The poetic justice of the final chapters is done with too sweeping a hand. The author betrays too personal a delight in killing off his magnates. But we must not quarrel with such aptness in a parable. We may more properly take exception to the scenes and persons which interrupt the simple march of events—especially those passages which have to do with the absurd and impertinent "Prophet."

Love, the Judge. By Wymond Carey. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

No type of story is more dishearteningly familiar to the habitual novel-reader than the elaborately conceived and executed narrative which is the product of diligence and intelligence rather than of a real impulse or instinct for story-telling. Our vaunted "high average of workmanship" brings its penalties in the form of an encouraged mediocrity. Fiction especially is in the way of becoming a dull, mechanic exercise by means of which any persevering person may hope to develop a creditable wrist. This is not Wymond Carey's first or second novel, and one may safely guess that it will not be the last. He is able to do the trick respectably well, and, it is to be supposed, without undue effort. "Love, the Judge" is the story of a magnanimous financier, the blunt, hard man of the newspapers, so far as externals show; but really a man of the tenderest susceptibilities, morally and otherwise. It is his privilege throughout the tale to stand as the protector of one pretty woman, the betrothed of a second, and the adored and pursued of a third. Of course, there are complications. The blameless relation of protector and protected is duly commented upon by a literal-minded world. The beautiful betrothed, as it is understood shall happen in books, believes all charges and suspicions against her lover. And the pursuing lady makes matters lively with her machinations. This is all strictly according to the amiable rules of the game as understood

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by the high-average workman: the events of the last few pages might be foretold by an infant. So much the better, no doubt, for the novel, since there is a large and infantile public that asks nothing better than the expected.

Kilmeny of the Orchard. By L. M. Montgomery. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

The author omits Anne of Green Gables from this her third venture into fiction, although we have the familiar setting of Anne's Prince Edward Island. Its salt shore and spring blossoming have their wonted charm, and one reflects that an island is a portion of land bounded by perpetual fitness for romance. Never, surely, did romance glide onward so gently, so balmily, so florally as this. Never did the roughnesses inherent in the course of true love disappear so gracefully. Hard-hearted guardians are melted by a kind word. Prohibiting parents yield at a touch. Critical friendship melts under beauty's first glance. How mildly the eerie mystery of Kilmeny's dumbness unfolds and later clears itself! How amiably the lions in the path of young affection take themselves off! How lightly falls the foot of crime that only treads on flowers! But "the pleasure that's almost a pain" stirs at the self-taught violinist girl who plays "an airy, delicate little melody that sounded like the laughter of daisies"; who lures from her violin divine music—music that revealed "the whole soul and nature of the girl, . . . the beauty and purity of her thoughts, her childhood dreams, and her maiden reveries."

Britz, of Headquarters. By Marcin Barber. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

It may not be fair to expect much knowledge of the Orient from a maker of detective stories, although he centres his plot about the oft-used theft of a great Oriental diamond. But even a writer who seems to have watched the world from the windows opposite the old headquarters on Mulberry Street should not set a band of Brahmins on the recovery of a stone which had once been in a Buddhist temple. Mr. Barber does not make Fifth Avenue society much more real than his Brahmin-Buddhists; but his Britz is a good detective of the old school, with yet a tinge of originality in his make-up, and the plot which Britz unravels is sufficiently devious and doubtful to satisfy the taste of an exacting connoisseur of this branch of fiction.

TWO TUDOR QUEENS.

The Nine-Days' Queen: Lady Jane Grey and Her Times. By Richard Davey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

The Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth. By Frank A. Mumby. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3 net.

The possibilities of Tudor biography are certainly recognized these days as never before. Mr. Davey's book shows that Major Hume's Romantic History Series, to which it belongs, continues to find its richest field in sixteenth-century England; while Mr. Mumby's work apparently betokens the advent of another set of biographies of the same period, written, so far as possible, in the language of contemporaries. Both books are confessedly attempts to popularize history. The mere nature of their printing, binding, and illustrations proclaims as much: but of the two Mr. Mumby's work is by far the bolder and more original in conception, and, in our opinion, more successful in execution. The bulk of the work consists of transcriptions of carefully selected letters from Elizabeth herself, from her relatives and the inmates of her household, from ministers, foreign potentates, and ambassadors, while occasional paragraphs from Mr. Mumby's pen are inserted here and there to serve as connecting links and necessary explanations. Sometimes the very wealth of authors on whose letters Mr. Mumby has drawn gives rise to difficulty and confusion. The points of view of the Protestant theologian, John Jewel, and of the Spanish Ambassador, the Count of Feria, concerning Elizabeth's religious policy at her accession, are sufficiently diverse to make the juxtaposition of their letters somewhat perplexing to any one not intimately acquainted with the *dramatis personæ* of the times: even Mr. Mumby's intermediate paragraph does not entirely disguise the abruptness of the change.

Sometimes, too, the author is tempted into inaccurate generalizations, from which a more thorough knowledge of the characters with which he is dealing would have saved him. The fact that Lady Brian wrote to Thomas Cromwell in 1536, just after the execution of Anne Boleyn, to complain that the little Princess Elizabeth had neither "kirtle nor petticoat, nor no manner of linen nor smocks, nor kerchiefs, nor rails, nor body stitchets, nor handkerchiefs, nor sleeves, nor mufflers, nor biggens," can scarcely be adduced as an evidence of "the strange duties which fell on ministers of state in those days." Thomas Cromwell, shearman and tailor in his youth, occupied an entirely exceptional position in this respect. As the letters of the time will show, he was consulted in matters of garb by his royal master and, indeed, the entire royal household, as no minister ever was, before or since. But these are mere criticisms of detail. In all essentials Mr. Mumby has done his work admirably. He has searched diligently among the manuscripts at the Records Office and the British Museum, in the calendars and the older collections, for his material; when the occasion demands it he warns us against the inaccuracies, prejudices, and imaginations of some of the less trustworthy of his authorities; he has modernized the spelling and punctuation of the originals, but his renderings are otherwise, on the whole, exact. The reader lays the book down with a feeling that he has got closer to the characters and scenes which it describes than would be possible in an ordinary biography.

Mr. Davey's life of Lady Jane Grey, on the other hand, follows far more closely the lines of the conventional historical biography of the type to which it belongs. Like the other works in Major Hume's new series, it is well written, and never misses an opportunity to narrate thrilling details and describe dramatic scenes. Executions furnish its greatest opportunity (the path of the heroine was plentifully besprinkled with them), and "the flash and thud of the axe," and "the crimson deluge on the straw-strewn scaffold," are conjured up with vividness and frequency. But there is little or nothing new in the book, either by way of discovery or interpretation, with the possible exception of dissent from the over-favorable verdicts on Somerset which characterized Mr. Pollard's first book. All in all, the work may indirectly benefit the specialist: it will certainly amuse and instruct the general public.

The whole life of Lady Jane Grey (1537-1554), and the first twenty-five years of that of her cousin Elizabeth (1533-58), touched each other, so closely at so many points, that the story of the one is in large measure also the story of the other. And yet the fates of the two women were as diverse as could be imagined. The one, a lovely, gentle creature, the tool of unscrupulous men, was forced against her will to assume a crown to which she knew she had no right, and to pay the penalty for so doing with her life. The other, harsh, crafty, unscrupulous, shifting with the wind, preserved her life and right to the succession in the midst of appalling dangers, and in and by so doing gained experience which bore precious fruit for England. "The girl was mother to the woman to an exceptional extent in Elizabeth's case." To the singularly indecorous conduct of her first suitor—Lord Seymour of Sudely, brother of the Protector Somerset—and the knowledge she gained in dealing with him may be traced the "political flirtations" which afterwards made her name a by-word in Europe. The windings and tergiversations to which she was forced to have recourse during the swift oscillations in religion in the reigns of Edward and Mary, were an admirable training for the lying diplomacy and avoidance of extremes which

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characterized the policy of the first thirty years of her reign. Her experience of the evils of French management of English affairs in the days of Northumberland and Noailles, and of the evils of Spanish intervention in the time of Philip and Mary, Renard and de Feria, made her resolve, when she became queen, to hold aloof from entangling alliances and continental complications. She learned how to make men and events serve her, instead of drifting with the tide; and though her career cannot ever evoke the sympathy which will always be accorded to her unfortunate cousin, it is idle to deny that her final success was chiefly due to her own energy and abilities.

How to Help: A Manual of Practical Charity. By Mary Conyngton, M.A. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

The first edition of this book appeared in 1906. It fully realizes the author's aim of being "a practical hand-book, serviceable alike to busy men and women who feel some responsibility for right treatment of the want which appeals to them from every side." The usefulness of a treatise of this kind was demonstrated some years ago, when a circular letter of inquiry was directed to a score of the best-known charitable workers in the United States with the request that they would designate the books that had proved especially helpful to them. The two volumes which were tied for first place were Warner's classic, "American Charities," and Mary E. Richmond's "Friendly Visiting Among the Poor." The objective scientific handling of the facts by Warner is admirably supplemented by the vitalizing treatment of the same phenomena from the standpoint of practice. As an incentive to really helpful activity among the needy such a volume as "How to Help" is probably more frequently serviceable than the colorless analysis of the problems of poverty.

The book under review is admirable in its balance. About fifty pages in Part i give a review of the General Principles of charitable effort. The charity organization movement, its advancing ideals in the direction of "preventive work," the necessity for sanity in diagnosis, and reliance upon expert advice, where possible, in affording relief or aid, are all admirably sketched without any obtrusive allusion to abstract principles. Part ii, which analyzes the most frequently recurring cases demanding relief, is compact of good sense, shrewdness, and humor. With a wealth of concrete instances in mind, the author admirably subordinates the individual case to illustrate the typical problem in hand, whether it be The Homeless Man, The Homeless Woman, Beggars and Impostors, or the Care of the Needy in their Homes. One cannot too highly commend both the sense of proportion and the well-weighed restraint everywhere in evidence. Of mawkish or *maudlin sentimentality*, she has a complete horror; and, unlike Robert Hunter, for instance, who is always discovering the *lacryma rerum*—and adding to them—she appreciates the not infrequent gleam of humor which even scientific charity cannot suppress. When repeated and well-planned effort fails to reclaim "vagrom men," she tells you, as would honest Dogberry, to "thank God you are rid of a knave." Whatever view she may hold of social or economic regeneration, she confines her advice to doing charitable work in the world that now is. The following tag may serve as a sample of the book's quality. It is the revised version of the Good Samaritan:

> A certain proportion of the people who passed by the crippled seller of shoe-strings bought from him, telling him to keep the change. A certain other proportion thought to themselves that such beggars ought to be kept off the streets, and went their way. Another proportion really did not perceive him, merely accepting him as part of the street surroundings. One man brought him to the attention of the Associated Charities, where he found friends and resources, to give him the chance he needed. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell by the way?

Notes.

Ex-Mayor Charles F. Warwick of Philadelphia has completed a life of Napoleon, which follows in theme his studies of Mirabeau, Danton, and Robespierre. It will be published in the autumn by George W. Jacobs & Co.

The Yale University Press will soon issue Gov. Hughes's Dodge Lectures on the Responsibility of Citizenship. The book bears the title "Conditions of Progress in Democratic Government."

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. promise for next autumn a complete collection of the poems of Sophie Jewett. The same house has ready for immediate issue "God's Troubadour," the story of St. Francis of Assisi told in prose for children by Miss Jewett.

George Meredith's "Celt and Saxon" will be brought out in book form this summer by Scribners. Only about two-thirds of the novel was completed by Meredith, but the work is finished so far as it goes.

The Putnams announce the following volumes for early publication: "John Murray's Landfall," by H. N. Dodge; "Islam Lands," by M. M. Shoemaker; "The Unexplored Self, An Introduction to Christian Doctrine for Teachers and Students," by the Rev. George R. Montgomery; and "The Future of Trade Unionism and Capitalism in a Democracy," by Charles W. Eliot. The publication of "The River and I," by John G. Neihardt, has been postponed until autumn.

We are glad to call attention to a proposed plan for the publication of the complete works of William Penn. The addresses and writings of Penn have never been really collected, and it is appropriate that the present project should emanate from the State that bears his name. The editor is Albelt Cook Myers of Moylan, Pa., who will be glad to receive letters or copies of letters bearing on the subject, or to hear of their whereabouts. The following committee of advisers is proposed, all of whom are members of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania: Samuel W. Pennypacker, William Brooke Rawle, Charlemagne Tower, John Bach McMaster, Isaac Sharpless, William I. Hull, and William Penn-Gaskell. The estimated cost of producing the work is $18,000, which is to be raised by subscription.

Routledge (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.) has a quite astonishing book of general information, called "Every Man's Cyclopædia," which gathers into a single volume tables of universal biography, historical allusions, battles and sieges; a gazetteer of the world; general information; and dictionaries of law, words frequently misspelt, synonyms, abbreviations, and pseudonyms. The information given is necessarily brief, and the gazetteer even dispenses with pronunciations, but the book carries the promise of wide usefulness.

F. M. Gregg of the Nebraska State Normal School has compiled a "Handbook of Parliamentary Law" (Ginn & Co.), which may be commended for its convenience of arrangement.

"The Passions of the French Romantics" (Scribners), by Francis Gribble, gives in a series of chapters the love affairs of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, Lamartine, Alfred de Vigny, Alfred de Musset, Victor Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, and other gentlemen of the high romantic movement—not omitting the ladies. Granting that the thing is worth doing, Mr. Gribble has done it smartly, and, one may almost say, learnedly. He attempts no excuse for his theme except that it is entertaining, and ought to be instructive. We may add to his excuse that he has been frank without being prurient.

This is the season for new Baedekers to catch the summer travel. The latest volume in English (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons) is "Southern Germany: Wurtemberg and Bavaria," now appearing in an eleventh edition, corresponding to the thirtieth German.

What is apparently planned to be a complete translation of Sainte-Beuve's "Causeries du Lundi" has been begun by George Routledge & Sons (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.). Five volumes, translated and annotated by E. J. Trechmann, have reached us. If all the fifteen books of the first "Lundis" and all the thirteen books of the "Nouveaux Lundis" are to come from the same single hand, it will be something of a monumental work, embodying the virtues and defects of so large an enthusiasm. We may expect a spirited and uneven translation. As a matter of fact, though the rough spots are many, Mr. Trechmann's version impresses one as absolutely adequate from the point of view of fidelity and clearness. He has kept Sainte-Beuve's verve and color at the sacrifice here and there of the English idiom. But though Mr. Trechmann's text is obviously translation, it is a translation that reads very well. Where Sainte-Beuve rises above

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his usually high level, as he does when he writes of Mme. Récamier, of Lamartine, or of Chateaubriand, the present version follows him. We may quote a few sentences from the essay on Mme. Récamier:

M. de Chateaubriand was the pride of this salon, but she was the soul of it, and she it is I must try to exhibit to those who did not know her; for to try to recall her to the others is superfluous, and to paint her impossible. I have no intention here of attempting her biography; a woman should never have a biography, an ugly word for the use of men, smacking of study and research. Even when they have nothing essential to conceal, women can only lose in charm in the text of a continuous narrative. Can a woman's life be told? It is felt, it passes, it appears.

Such verse quotations as occur in the French text are retained in the English page, but are translated in the notes which are compact but useful. Each volume has a complete index of proper names.

Henry Murray, whose memories, confessions, and opinions are presented in a book with the expressive title, "A Stepson of Fortune" (The Baker & Taylor Co.), is one of those professionally plain-spoken persons whose foible is the scorn of what they term nonsense. For a generation the author has wintered and summered in or near Grub Street, London. He early fled from severe and unsympathetic parents and became the helper of his versatile brother, David Christie Murray. They lived joyously and precariously from London to Monaco. Henry Murray's best novel, "A Song of Sixpence," brought him repute and literary acquaintance, but next to no money. He has the novelist's vivid sense of character, and his most interesting pages are those in which he describes the dear, shabby comrades of his early days, their gayeties, their shifts to turn a penny. There was a certain Anatole, who, having established a market in the pawn-shop for old porcelain statuettes, bought the imitations in neighboring bazaars and throve for a deal or two. There was Marie, a favorite girl model, whose father used to try to kill her until reminded that there was revenue in her good looks. She was a good girl and capable of wheedling a free ride out of a cabby, not only for herself, but for her sweetheart. Twelve years later he saw her ill, faded, widowed, and the mother of six children. In the early days Henry Murray fell in with Alfred Harmsworth, then a cub journalist. On the concentration of newspaper management our author has strong opinions:

Another twenty years of uncontrolled exploitation of the press on the lines followed by Lord Northcliffe will deliver the British empire hand and foot, body and soul, to the tender mercies of a journalistic Trust, will make our sovereign its powerless pensioner, our Lords and Commons the registrars of its *ipse dixit*, and our proletariat a flock of sheep to be fleeced and flayed at its sweet will.

Among the amiable figures that come and go in these pages is the Parisian hotelkeeper, M. Paulet, a wag after the fine tradition of Cyrano. His friend was the poet Belmontet, an ardent imperialist, who, it was said, enjoyed a pension on condition that he should not eulogize the Emperor. Belmontet's most perfect couplet was in honor of the opening of the new market, the Halles Centrales. It ran:

O peuple de Paris, que belles sont tes Halles!
Béni soit l'Empereur qui nous les fit Centrales!

Henry Murray passed in and out of journalism with the ease of versatility. He was long in association with that erratic poet, critic, and playwright, Robert Buchanan. Together they took a theatre, which cost them infinite pains and some money. Through Buchanan many of our author's most valuable friendships were made. Being a confirmed agnostic, he had the shock of hearing Herbert Spencer say: "I have passed my life in beating the air." We catch some delightful fooling of George Meredith's—the imaginary autopsy of a student addicted to mineral water, whose *interior glittered dazzlingly with stalactites*. Meredith's talk was like his books. On the whole this book is very interesting, being impregnated with a sardonic amiability, and hitting off effectively many racy characters in the two Bohemias. But, alas, it boasts neither index, table of contents, nor even running headlines. One reviewer who has tried to find his way about in it cannot wonder, though regretting, that fortune has been stepmotherly to its talented author.

Prof. Hermann L. Strack's "The Jew and Human Sacrifice" (Bloch Publishing Co.), now translated from the eighth German edition, with corrections, a new preface, and additions by the author, may be said to give the final word in its field. While happily there was no serious call for its appearance in English—for English-speaking lands are free from such a popular superstition—in densely ignorant sections of the East, and even in parts of Europe, the accusation is still occasionally heard that Jews make use of the blood of Christians for ritual purposes. Hence, Strack's researches, which were published as far back as 1882 in connection with the Tisza-Eszlar trial, serve an excellent purpose with every new edition. The work is a careful study of the religious beliefs and superstitions connected generally with the sacrifice of the blood of men and of animals, but is most exhaustive in its interpretation of Jewish belief and practice. Prefessor Strack vindicates the Jewish people against this monstrous accusation, showing how false and misleading are the "authorities" adduced in its support. The book, with its array of notes and opinions, its full bibliography and citations, is of interest to students of religion and sociology—especially so since it comes from the pen of a scholar and clergyman of strict evangelical type. The translation is by H. F. E. Blanchamp.

In "The New Baedeker" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), Harry Thurston Peck hits off with customary perkiness the ocean voyage, Havre and Trouville, Berlin, Rome, Rouen, Brussels and Malines, and Liverpool; then turning homeward conducts the reader to Portland, Me., Boston, Lake Pleasant (where Spiritualists congregate), Utica, N. Y., Trenton Falls, N. Y., Atlantic City, N. J., and finally across the continent by the Canadian Pacific. It is a diverting book, and catches idiomatic features of nearly every city it interprets. Mr. Peck's characteristics are so well known that we may merely remark that, like tripe, he is either adored or detested. To the reviewer his literary manners have the unnatural swagger that a professor caught in bad company might assume to prove he is a man of the world, but precisely this quality gives him a hold on thousands of people. He is the Elbert Hubbard of the American universities, which may serve, according to the reader's bent, as eulogy—or as simple description.

The secondary title of Principal Fairbairn's volume, "The Church in Idea and in History," is accurate, whereas the first, "Studies in Religion and Theology," is misleading. The book is not a general collection of religious essays, chiefly doctrinal, as one might expect from the author and the primary title, but an elaborate and earnest apologia of the congregational polity and the idea of a free church. Much of it was composed nearly thirty years ago, when the distinguished author was chairman of the Congregational Union of England. Polemical discussions of church polity are not infrequent in Great Britain on such occasions, where ecclesiastical rivalries run higher than in this country. The American reader will be somewhat surprised at the vigor of Principal Fairbairn's contentions against the episcopal form of government and the Catholic and Anglican conception of the church. Unlike the older anti-episcopal polemic, his purpose is not to prove that the congregational polity is authorized by the New Testament, while the episcopal government of the church is not apostolic; his criticism cuts deeper and aims to establish that the sacerdotal idea inherent in episcopacy is opposed in principle to the nature of the Christian religion as taught by Christ. Principal Fairbairn minces no words, and it is needless to say that his polemic is able, keen, and based on thorough scholarship. An American scholar would have written in milder tone, if he had felt the need of entering upon such a controversy. It has been sometimes said that American Congregationalists do not really believe in their church, since they display so little zeal in its defence. It may be well, therefore, that the polity of Robert Browne and John Robinson has found a champion like Principal Fairbairn. The volume contains lengthy discussions of the teaching of Jesus, Paul, and John as bearing upon the doctrine of the church. It is published by the Macmillan Co.

The seventh volume of "The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) includes titles from "Liutprand" to "Moralities." The prominent articles are not in the Biblical field, in which this encyclopædia is least valuable, and the volume accordingly makes a better impression than some of its predecessors. Dr. J. M. Buckley's article on "Methodists" is good, as is the treatment of "Lutherans," by Professors Spaeth and Froböess. Considerable space is given to a careful sketch of "The Mennonites," by Professors Cremer and Horsch. The article on "Missions," including several sections by Dr. Warneck of Halle, contains a large amount of important information. In the article on "Marriage," the history of both Catholic and Protestant views and treatment of the subject is expounded at length and with regard for accuracy. Prof. George W. Gilmore, one of the editors, contributes articles on "Mohammed—Mohammedans." As in the former volumes, the brief biographical articles are valuable, including the notices of prominent ecclesiastics and theologians of the Middle

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Ages. Special pains has been taken to furnish thorough bibliographies.

The principal article in No. 18 of the Berlin *Internationale Zeitschrift* is a masterly parallel of Bismarck and Carl Schurz, drawn by Prof. Eugen Kühnemann, of Breslau, one of the American exchange professors. The paper is a *Festrede*, delivered at the great annual Bismarck *Kommers* of German scholars in Berlin. Professor Kühnemann traces in the divergent methods and manners of Bismarck and Schurz, the higher unity of ideas and ideals for Germany's greatness.

The Proceedings of the Bostonian Society, just published, contains a paper by the superintendent of markets, G. E. McKay, which is of more than local interest from the light which it sheds on our early days. Public sentiment, for instance, was at first greatly opposed to the establishment of a market, largely for fear that the "Market Cross" would be set up. Even as late as 1740, when Peter Faneuil offered to present a market building to the town, the gift was accepted at a special town meeting by a majority of only seven votes out of 727 cast. When provisions were imported they could not be sold at wholesale, according to an act passed by the General Court in 1695, "until after three days' notice had been given by a public crier; this was considered to be in favor of the poor, who were thus to have an opportunity to buy in small quantities at wholesale prices." The development of the market business in Boston was slow, for when John Hancock had to entertain Count D'Estaing and the officers of the French fleet in 1778, he was obliged to send his man with a letter to a friend in Providence begging him to recommend him "where he can get some chickens, geese, ducks, hams, partridges, mutton, or anything which will save my reputation in a dinner, and by all means send me some butter."

Goldwin Smith, the noted scholar, professor, and journalist, died on Tuesday at his home, The Grange, in Toronto, Canada, aged nearly eighty-seven years. He was born in Reading, England, in 1823, and was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church and Magdalen, Oxford. There he took many signal honors, and after his graduation, in 1848, with a master's degree, was elected a fellow of University College, the colleague of his friends, Arthur Stanley and Conington. When Parliament created the commission to take up university reform, in 1850, Stanley was made secretary and Goldwin Smith his assistant. He served on two other commissions of a like nature, and in 1858 was made regius professor of modern history at Oxford; while there he tutored the Prince of Wales, afterward the late King Edward VII. He eagerly entered philosophic and religious controversy, opposing both the Tractarians and the followers of Herbert Spencer, but aroused more feeling by his opinions on English politics and policies, especially in respect to her colonies. His advocacy of freeing Canada, Gibraltar, and the Ionian Isles brought upon him the wrath of Disraeli and his party, and of the Tory organ, the *Times*. Soon after this, while the civil war was being waged in the United States, he wrote several pamphlets denouncing slavery and upholding the Union cause. The tragic death of his father, in 1866, compelled him to give up his professorship, and the expiration of his fellowship, in 1868, left him wholly free. It was then that Andrew D. White offered him the chair of English history in the new Cornell University, at Ithaca, which Mr. Smith accepted. He took a leading part in directing affairs of the university, until he moved to Canada, in the seventies, and then continued his lectures there, but gave most of his time to writing. He married, in 1875, Harriet E. M. Boulton, who died in 1909. Among his writings are "Irish History and Irish Character," "Three English Statesmen," "The Empire," "Lectures on the Study of History," "Does the Bible Sanction American Slavery?", "The Civil War in America," "Rational Religion and Rationalistic Objections," "Canada and the Canadian Question," "The Political Destiny of Canada," "Cowper," "Jane Austen," "William Lloyd Garrison," "Specimens of Greek Tragedy," "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence," "My Memory of Gladstone," "Irish History and the Irish Question," "Revolution or Progress?", "Labor and Capital," and "No Refuge but in Truth."

William Sydney Porter, whose fiction and sketches over the name O. Henry had made him one of the most popular and deservedly successful short story writers in the country for the last eight years, died last Sunday in this city. He was born forty-two years ago in Greensboro, N. C. Several of his ancestors had been Governors of the State. Not being strong enough as a boy to go to college, he went to Texas and spent two years and a half on a cattle ranch. A period of drought dried up the grass lands and decided Mr. Porter to give up ranch life and be a writer or an artist. He went to Houston, where he got a place on the staff of the *Post*. His success as a journalist was immediate, although he had but little special preparation. A common school education and considerable reading of the classics from his thirteenth to his nineteenth year, were the best parts of his training. He was especially fond in those days of reading Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" and Lane's "Arabian Nights." It was while he was in New Orleans, ten years ago, that he adopted the pen name by which he is best known. He had sent stacks of manuscripts to unappreciative editors, and when they were returned, as they nearly always were, he put new stamps on the envelopes and sent them on their travels again. He felt that he ought to adopt a literary alias, and O. Henry was selected by chance. In 1901 he came to New York, and soon won his way to the top as a story writer. His published books are: "Cabbages and Kings" (1905), "The Four Million" (1906), "The Trimmed Lamp" (1907), "The Heart of the West" (1907), "The Gentle Grafter" (1908), "Voice of the City" (1908), "Options" (1909), "Roads of Destiny" (1909), and "Strictly Business" (1910).

The death is announced from London of Edward Jenkins, who, thirty or forty years ago, was the most talked-of man in Great Britain, on account of a brilliant pamphlet called "Ginx's Baby," in which he ridiculed the British Poor law. He was born in India in 1838, the son of a clergyman. He received his education at McGill University and the University of Pennsylvania. He was called to the English bar at Lincoln's Inn, became agent-general for Canada, entered the British Parliament as a Liberal Imperialist, but drifted into the Conservative ranks. He once contested Truro against Gladstone, but lost. When he died, he was editor of the *Overland Mail* and the *Homeward Mail*. He wrote several other books besides "Ginx's Baby."

Alfred Trübner Nutt, the well-known London author-publisher and scholar, met a tragic death week before last at Medun, where he was drowned in an heroic attempt to save the life of his son. It was Mr. Nutt who first recognized and gave publication to the poems of W. E. Henley. Some of his notable achievements as a publisher were the initiation of the Tudor Translations, the Tudor Library, the Northern Library of old Norse texts, the Bibliothèque de Carabas, of scarce fifteenth and sixteenth century works, and other series. His chief interest as a scholar was in Celtic legend and folk-lore, in which he was a leading authority and an extensive writer. He was one of the founders of the Irish Texts Society, and of the English Goethe Society.

Dr. Gottlieb Planck, the noted jurist and professor at Göttingen University, died recently, aged eighty-five years. In his early days he entered upon a political career, but gave this up and turned his labors to the law. He was a member of the commission appointed in 1874 to revise the civil code. He published several commentaries upon the "Bürgerliche Gesetzbuch," which was the result of the commission's work.

Science.

Die Antike Tierwelt. Erster Band. Säugetiere. By Otto Keller. Leipzig: Wilhelm Engelmann.

Keller's "Thiere des classischen Alterthums" is a standard book well-known to students of antiquity. The volume before us, though giving essentially a new treatment, does not entirely replace the older book, which, with the "Tier- und Pflanzenbilder auf Münzen und Gemmen," published by Keller and Imhoof-Blumer, still offers a valuable supplement in both text and illustrations.

Following Aristotle's classification, which he finds sufficiently modern and satisfactory, the author treats in the present volume the different varieties of mammals. Under Quadrumana, we find the ape, under Chiroptera the bat, under Insectivora the mole, and so on. The largest class is naturally Carnivora, represented by lion, tiger, lynx, fox, wolf, cat, dog, and twenty others, while Rodentia has seventeen and Ruminantia twelve. At the end, in the proud category of *sui generis*, appears the unicorn. One could hardly name a single source of information that the author has overlooked. Not only ancient scientific authorities like Aristotle and Pliny, but works of literature are constantly cited. Plentiful illustrations, taken from sculptures, gems, coins, vases, wall-paintings, appear in the text, and there are three plates at the end of the volume. Chronologically, the account begins with ear-

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liest Egypt and Assyria and often descends to Byzantium and the western Middle Ages.

While discussing the subject as scientifically as the material allows, the work has inevitably something of the romantic flavor which makes ancient science delightfully readable. Any one of the articles will furnish entertainment, as well as instruction. The reader will learn that elephants are afraid of mice, that rats are a later addition to the legend of the Pied Piper, that to dogs were given names of two syllables, whereas horses often received three syllables or more. What varied interests could name a horse, appears from the following list; Centaurus, Æolus, Tiberis, Octopeda, Psylla (flea), Anthypatos (consul), Mysticus (transcendentalist). The bull-fight, which a learned lecturer has recently declared less brutal than foot-ball, was banished in classical times from all lands save Thessaly, but had flourished in Egypt and Crete. The ass receives a long-deserved vindication. When well born and well treated, he is not stupid, but "ein sehr kluges Tier." A distinguished royal line was proud of its descent from a totemic ass; King Midas's ears were not symbols of stupidity, but instruments for absorbing wisdom quickly and capaciously. The royal Nimrods of old were less favored than those of to-day, for not so many curious specimens could be recognized by name, and many beasts were protected by the symbolic qualities with which a wholesome superstition invested them; thus, as the rhinoceros was, in Buddhistic teaching, an emblem of virtue, even a most bellicose huntsman would hesitate to slay virtue incarnate without provocation.

Among the most interesting articles is that on the cat, to which the author has lately devoted a special study elsewhere. The earliest Egyptian name of the cat is the familiarly onomatopoetic *mau*, which reappears in the French *matou*, and in such personal names as Minette and Marcou; it furnished personal names in other languages, too, as Felicula and Kätzchen witness. The cat came late to Europe, but as Keller shows, it was ridiculously inappropriate for Hehn to congratulate the Occident on procuring the precious animal before Mohammedanism had overrun Egypt and blotted out its religion, including the cat. The truth is, the Prophet was extremely fond of cats, and like Gregory the Great, often carried one about with him. Some time between the second and the fifth centuries of our era, Europe adopted the cat in place of the weasel as a catcher of mice. This fact not only is historically momentous, but helps solve a literary problem, the date of the fabulist Babrius. As Phædrus, in the time of Tiberius, makes no mention of cats, and as Babrius has various stories about them, Babrius did not write before Phædrus, as certain scholars have believed, but some hundred years after. But the weasel was not altogether given up. Keller overlooks at least one later reference to this animal as mouse-catcher, in an idyl of Maximus Planudes who wrote at the end of the thirteenth century.

Dr. D. Everett Lyon, in his well-informed and well-written "How to Keep Bees for Profit" (Macmillan), correctly characterizes the untrustworthiness of Maeterlinck's writings on bee culture as follows:

> The Belgian Maeterlinck is not to be taken seriously in his interesting little book, "The Life of the Bee"; for however attractive it may be from a literary standpoint, it teaches the rankest heresy concerning the habits of these wonderful little people, and shows but a superficial knowledge of them.

It is unfortunate that the most widely read English treatise on the honey bee must be so described. Dr. Lyon has selected his material wisely for his purpose, which is to equip the novice with such information as will enable him to begin practical bee-keeping with a reasonable prospect of success. On some points an experienced bee-keeper would be apt to advise caution, as, for example, reliance upon the "Shook method" of controlling swarming, the production of extracted, rather than comb, honey, and the rearing of queens by beginners. In general it may be said that the art of successful apiculture is somewhat more difficult than it is made to appear in these pages. The reader will derive a good idea of the business of honey production, however, while the earnest novice will do well to pursue his studies further with the aid of the manuals of Cook and Root.

Dr. Arthur Bordier died recently at Grenoble, aged sixty-nine years. He was professor of medical geography at the School of Anthropology, and left there in 1895 to go to the medical school at Grenoble. He was author of a number of scientific works, among them, "La Colonisation scientifique et les colonies françaises," and "La Vie des sociétés"; and he was at one time president of the Society of Anthropology of Paris.

Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, widely known in England and America as a pioneer woman doctor, died in London last week, aged eighty-nine years. Her life was notable for her early struggles to overcome the prejudice against the study of medicine by women; no institution in the United States would accept her, but she gained admission to the University of Geneva, and was graduated at the head of her class. There was much opposition to her practice in New York, but she resolutely set to work, and founded an infirmary for women and children. When the war of the secession broke out, Dr. Blackwell began the movement which led to organization of the National Sanitary Aid Association for the provision of trained nurses. She was the leading spirit in founding, in 1865, the Woman's Medical College, which was later merged with Cornell. She returned to England in 1869, where she took up general practice, and wrote a number of books and pamphlets, among them "The Influence of Women in Medicine," and "The Moral Education of the Young."

Drama and Music.

Forbes Robertson, now once more in London, will reappear in New York on the 26th of September, and expects to remain in this country for two years. This would be extremely good news, if so much of his time was not to be devoted to repetitions of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," a wholesome enough piece, indeed, but one —from the literary, artistic, or dramatic point of view—almost wholly unworthy of his ability and skill. It is satisfactory, however, to be assured that before he shall leave America for good, he will revive several Shakespearean works. We may hope, therefore, to renew acquaintance with his Hamlet, and see his Othello. It is reported that he does not mean to act for more than four or five years longer.

The success which "La Fleur Merveilleuse" of Miguel Zamacoïs attained recently at the Théâtre Français must be attributed apparently to the charm of the poetry, the excellence of the acting, and the beauty of the scenery, rather than to the interesting quality of the plot. The story, indeed, is of the thinnest possible description to support the burden of a four-act play. Mynheer von Amstel so greatly covets a certain marvellous tulip that he is willing to barter even his lovely daughter, Griet, for it. Florent's mother is the possessor of it, and Florent is in love with Griet, but he, alas, poor fellow, is a little mad. His mother is willing to part with the tulip to insure his happiness, but, when he learns the nature of the bargain, he refuses to profit by it, and magnanimously gives the tulip to Griet for nothing. Griet, for her part, is so touched by this nobility that she returns the flower, and her heart with it; whereupon Florent recovers all his wits, and the two are happy ever after.

Admirers of Brahms will welcome the new collection of fifty songs by him just published by G. Schirmer. They are edited by Max Spicker, with an introductory essay by H. E. Krehbiel.

Ordinary pianists do not succeed in the concert halls, because there is too much sameness in their playing—no variety, no novelty, no expression. The better class of pianists often fail to draw large audiences simply because there is too much sameness in their programmes. One would think that, instead of several thousand good piano pieces, there were barely a hundred in existence. There is Tchaikovsky, for instance. Why does no pianist ever play any of the short pieces of this emotional and popular composer? The average pianist will, no doubt, ask: "Did he write any such?" Indeed he did, and among them are some gems, as may be learned from Edwin Evans's book on that composer (E. P. Dutton & Co.), pp. 173-182. Another neglected composer, with whose pieces concert players could win great favor, is Jensen. The copyright on his works having recently expired, Breitkopf & Härtel are now bringing out a new and much cheaper edition, which will no doubt carry into general vogue again this splendidly melodious composer whom Dr. Riemann called "the real heir of Schumann." The "Album leichter Klavierkompositionen," containing

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the best of his easier pieces, is to be especially commended to amateurs. Jensen's songs, also, are included in this cheap edition. Amateurs who do not know them will be astonished by their wealth of melody and their poignant yet always beautiful harmonies.

Carlos de Serrano, the Mexican musician and orchestral conductor, died in New York last week. He was born in Mexico City in 1854, and studied music abroad, chiefly under Thalberg. Returning to Mexico, he was for a time leader of the famous Orfeon chorus, and conductor for several South American opera companies. In New York, Serrano was conductor for the Milan and Clara Louise Kellogg opera companies, which appeared at the Academy of Music. In his later years he devoted himself entirely to teaching.

Art.

SEYMOUR HADEN AND ETCHING.

It is notable in the art of the nineteenth century that so many of its best practitioners were amateurs. Watts, Rossetti, Puvis de Chavannes, Manet, Cézanne are examples of artists who either practised other professions or did not depend upon their art for their living. This was emphatically the case with the late Sir Seymour Haden, who, in the intervals of a successful surgical practice, made himself one of the most distinguished etchers of his time. Within the limits of his art he was highly influential, as much so as Manet or Puvis in the general field of painting.

The young etcher who began just before the middle of the last century found the art of his predilection in a sort of premature dotage. It had served the Italian eclectics as an admirable means of sketching. The cosmopolitan illustrator, Hollar, had applied it charmingly to landscape and architecture; Rembrandt had made it almost a rival of painting. Such artists as Canaletto, Tiepolo, and Piranesi still treated it as a swift and vigorous means of pictorial notation. But the decadence was in sight. The French and English engravers of the eighteenth century used etching chiefly as a first stage in line engraving. Bartolozzi reduced it to clever copyism. Even Turner, one of the greatest masters of the etched line, treated it with more power than finesse, and in the "Liber Studiorum" made it merely the skeleton of compositions finally executed in tone. A few painters in England maintained an etching club which published dull transcripts of the anecdotal pictures of its members, or neatly finished and sapless illustrations for poetry.

The young surgeon, Seymour Haden, quietly reacted against the anæmic tradition to which one might say he had been born. He saw that the acid-bitten line was a means of sketching, not of elaborate picture-making. He felt that the line had a value in itself, must be kept isolated and significant, not lost in masses of cross-hatching or smears of printer's ink. Having divined the sound principle of his art, he very logically attached himself to the great tradition of British sketching, of which, with Hercules Brabazon, who died about four years ago, he was the last distinguished exemplar. The water-colorists, David, Cox, Turner, Cotman, were the natural models for the young amateur, but as he developed he evinced a scholarly and eclectic quality, and became an ardent collector and student of the prints of Rembrandt. This influence betrays itself in a growing incisiveness of line and in a tendency to force the blacks.

The simple, even naïve, compositions of Seymour Haden were so superior to the mass of contemporary etching that he soon gained notice on the Continent, at first in the invidious form of having his plates pirated in Paris. The sanity of his method promptly won the praise of the critics and the suffrages of the dealers. He himself wrote forcefully upon his chosen art. Everything conspired to make him its most prominent representative, and one may say that just as in his youth the possession of a copy of a Carlo Dolci indicated a family of taste, so the display of one of his own prints constituted a kind of diploma of taste during his old age. In fact, with Whistler, he had possibly unduly obsessed the artistic imagination of his time, at the expense of the admirable etching of Méryon, which he did not fail to celebrate, and that of the French romantic painters.

Haden's etchings lack charm. About the lovely qualities of things he recked little. It takes a Whistler to show you the beauty of river barges, of stuccoed walls, of dingy bridges and warehouses. In fact, more than criticism has yet perceived, Whistler quite frankly depended upon the inherent picturesqueness of his material. Seymour Haden's approach to nature was much more intellectual and less passionate. He seems to have almost avoided the obviously picturesque. His endeavor seems to have been so to simplify any scene that the residuum should have consistency as a picture. His art, then, was not one of immediate representation and naïve expression, but of selection, elimination, arrangement. He was versatile, often took an old-fashioned pleasing subject, could give you admirably the actual texture and build of the Agamemnon or the Kensington Oaks, but, in general, he dealt in the broader effects. Indeed, so austere, and in a manner ungenial is much of his sketching that its popularity remains something of a mystery. He can be intimate, but usually is so only in his smaller and slighter plates, such as the little series which he did in a single day in Wales.

He was the last of the great English sketchers, the last who had the synthetic attitude toward big landscape. He did a thing that was more difficult than to be picturesque. More mind went to his sketching than ever to those bungling scrawls with which Corot, after all, conveyed a poem to the copper. It seems to us that Sir Seymour Haden's place is not with the great artists, but with the great preceptors of art, the Pollaiuoli, David, Manet—men who vigorously impose a procedure or point of view. His plates will always constitute a classic course in sketching landscape, and it is in many ways a pity that, in lieu of following his clear leading, modern etching is veering in uncertain directions or too closely following the lead of Whistler and of France.

The St. Louis City Museum has recently acquired two beautiful paintings by George Inness, sr. The Coming Storm was purchased by the museum, and the Storm on the Delaware River, by the Bixby fund, for the collection, belonging to Washington University, which is lent to the city museum.

John Hutchinson, R.S.A., the sculptor, died last week at Edinburgh. He pursued his studies first at the Trustees' Academy, and later in Rome. Among the busts which he executed were those of Norman Macleod, Queen Victoria, and the Prince Consort. He had exhibited for many years at the Royal Scottish Academy, and at the Royal Academy.

Sir Francis Seymour Haden, founder and president of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers, died last week in London, aged ninety-two years. He was educated for the profession of medicine at the University of London and at the Sorbonne, but when some forty years old, turned his attention to art, especially to etching. His first work exhibited at the Royal Academy was in 1869; two of his most notable plates were The Breaking Up of the Agamemnon, and Calais Pier, after Turner, both of which were shown at the centennial exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876. Sir Francis won the Grand Prix at Paris in 1889, and again in 1900. He was an honorary member of the Société des Artistes Français, of the French Academy of Fine Arts, and of the Institute of France.

Finance.

THE RAILWAY RATE SCARE.

Briefly summed up, the real incidents on which the extraordinary stock market of last week hinged were pretty much as follows. The railways advanced freight rates in 1908, despite the industrial depression. This year they conceded demands of their laborers for higher wages, though only for the lower-paid groups, and they very generally increased dividends. There had been much talk of another advance in rates. The Railway Rate bill pending in Congress gives the Interstate Commerce

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Commission power to pass by its own initiative on the reasonableness or unreasonableness of a rate increase—a power which it does not now enjoy. On the eve of action upon that bill, the railways announced a general advance, throughout the country. The shippers' protective association, when the one-month's notice was filed, protested that the advance was inequitable, and asked the railways for its suspension pending arbitration of its fairness.

The railways paid no attention to the request. Finally, on Tuesday of last week—the day before the new rates would have gone into effect—the Attorney-General procured an injunction against twenty-five Western railways which had acted through a joint committee, thereby in substance violating the Anti-Trust law of 1890, as interpreted twice by the Supreme Court. No other rate advances were enjoined, among the hundreds filed, but a wild outcry arose from the railway managers. One of them, the president of an important Eastern road, publicly declared that the rates must be advanced to keep the companies solvent, adding later that, since the Government's intervention, credit of the railways had been all but totally destroyed. A violent collapse on the Stock Exchange ensued, running to 10 or 15 points; the selling was enormous. Last Monday, three of the railway managers conferred with President Taft. He agreed to suspend the injunction proceedings if the railways would agree to postpone the advance in rates until Congress should act upon the Railway bill. They consented; thereupon stocks rose violently in Wall Street.

The salient fact, then, is that a thoroughgoing liquidation has occurred on the Stock Exchange. Was this liquidation solely a consequence of the rate dispute? This is a pertinent inquiry, to be answered in the light of actual facts. Early this present year, an admittedly critical situation had been created, first, by an abnormal and unwholesome inflation of credit in this country, resulting in heavy shrinkage of capital reserves at home; secondly, by collapse of our credit balance on foreign trade account, resulting in loss of our hold on foreign capital and in heavy export of gold from our bank reserves. All previous experience has taught that to remedy such a situation, a drastic readjustment of values and speculation must ensue.

That readjustment began with the fall of stocks in January—ascribed, as usual, to something else. It was continued later in the produce markets, and in progressive curtailment of facilities for the country-wide land speculation. The symptoms of the day indicated that the remedy had not yet gone far enough. Recourse was then had to borrowing abroad on railway bond and mortgage—a process which gave apparent relief, but which competent foreign critics declared could be merely a temporary palliative, and which was followed by renewed advances on the Stock Exchange. Next came a three-week period of complete stagnation and deadlock on the Wall Street market, leading to private but forcible expression of opinion, among conservative financiers, that the readjustment process had not been completed.

If the line of least resistance had been followed, next, through a sudden and drastic scaling-down of Stock Exchange values, without "news" of any sort, it is not improbable that the financial community would have agreed that the reckoning had been inevitable. But such a situation usually drags along until there is some news. It may be a crop report, or a Venezuelan message, or a Lawson advertisement, or the death of a celebrity. Whatever it is, that news will thereafter be held responsible for the crash in stocks.

In very large part, it may have been responsible. News such as that of the government rate injunction—especially with the comments which accompanied it—will induce somebody to sell who might not otherwise have sold. But the question even then will remain, why the selling should have had such effect on the market as it had. There will also remain the further question, what is to be the longer sequel on the market, and the answer to both questions must be sought in Wall Street history.

There were three notable events the news of which, in their respective years, was received by Wall Street much as this news was received. The first was the Supreme Court's decision that the Trans-Missouri Freight Association, as organized and conducted, was an illegal combination in restraint of trade; it was handed down on March 22, 1897. To Wall Street, the decision was a complete surprise; a comfortable conviction had existed that the Anti-Trust law could not be made to apply to railways. The news from Washington was followed by a break of 3 to 6 points in the granger railway stocks, and by a further fall of 2 to 4 points in the ensuing week. Then came a period of dulness; next, in May, a slow recovery, gaining ground until, in July and August, an advance of great scope and violence was under way on the Stock Exchange.

It was after the close of business on February 19, 1902, that Attorney-General Knox announced the government suit against Northern Securities. The news was received in Wall Street with a clamor of apprehension. A million shares changed hands in the Stock Exchange the next day; stock declined 1 to 6 points throughout the list. This done, the market steadied; the next week active speculation for the rise began again, some stocks advancing 2 to 9 points. Prices gained ground still further during March, and in April occurred the wild Stock Exchange boom under the "Gates clique."

President Roosevelt's "Standard Oil message" went to Congress on May 4, 1906; it was followed immediately by the beginning of suits against the company. But the market's reception of the news was singular. Prices had already fallen twenty points, or so, since the San Francisco disaster of April 18; they began to recover on the very day when the news from Washington arrived, and they continued this advance until the "boom" reached its culmination along with the Steel Corporation's resumption of dividends in July, and the Union Pacific's increase of its annual dividend rate in August, from 6 to 10 per cent.

The most obvious moral of these earlier episodes, as applied to that of the present week, is that the real effect of unpalatable news of this sort on the Stock Exchange depends on other things than the news itself. Where prices broke violently on the news, as in 1897 and 1902, the reason was that the market was in shape to yield, for causes quite unconnected with the news from Washington. Where they did not break on the news, as in 1906, it was because the market had been already liquidated. Perhaps the most interesting fact is that none of Wall Street's ultra-pessimistic predictions of either period materialized. The case turned out to be altogether different from what the Stock Exchange had excitedly imagined, and the fortunes of the rest of the financial year were governed by such homely considerations as the crops, the export trade, the condition of international exchange, and the credit situation as reflected in the money market.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Albee, J. Confessions of Boyhood. Boston: R. G. Badger. $1.50.

"Badsworth" on Auction Bridge. Putnam. $1.25 net.

Berry, R. M. Germany ot the Germans. Scribner. $1.50 net.

Bigger, L. A. Around the World with a Business Man. Phila.: J. C. Winston Co. 4 vols. $12 per set.

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Broughton, Lord (John Cam Hobhouse). Recollections of a Long Life. Vols. III. and IV. Scribner. $6 net.
Chartres, A. V. The Devourers. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Cunliffe, R. J. A New Shakespearean Dictionary. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Denney, J. V. Washington, Webster, and Lincoln. Selections for the College Entrance Requirements. Chicago: Scott, Foresman.
Dickens's David Copperfield. Edited by E. C. Baldwin. Chicago: Scott, Foresman.
Distinctive Homes of Moderate Cost. (Illustrated.) Edited by H. H. Saylor. McBride, Winston & Co.
Durell, J. C. v. The Self-Revelation of Our Lord. Scribner. $2 net.
Dyllington, A. The Unseen Thing; a Novel. Boston: Luce & Co. $1.20 net.
Forman, S. E. A History of the United States, for Schools. Century Co. $1 net.
Foster, W. The English Factories in India. 1630-1633: Calendar of Documents in the Indian Office. Frowde. $4.15.
Gilmore, M. F. Virginia: A Tragedy, and Other Poems. Louisville, Ky.: John P. Morton & Co.
Ginzberg, L. The Legends of The Jews. Translated from the German. Vol. II. Phila.: Jewish Pub. Society of America.
Glass, M. Potash & Perlmutter. Phila.: Henry Altemus Co. $1.50.
Goldsborough, E. K., jr. The Dream Adventures of Little Bill. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.25.
Greece in Evolution. Translated from the French. Edited by G. F. Abbott. Wessels & Bissell. $1.50 net.
Griffin, G. G. Writings on American History: A Bibliography of Books and Articles Published During the Year 1908. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Hasse, A. R. Index of Economical Material in Documents of the States of the U. S. Delaware, 1789-1904. Carnegie Inst. of Washington.
Hayes, J. R. In Memory of Whittier. Phila. The Biddle Press. 50 cents.
Hay, M. A German Pompadour: Being the History of Wilhelmine von Gravenitz. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Hill, H. The Monksglade Mystery. Fenno & Co. $1.50.
Holder, C. F. The Channel Islands of California; a Book for the Angler, Sportsman, and Tourist. Chicago: McClurg. $2 net.
Hughes, C. E. Conditions of Progress in Democratic Government. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.15.
Jacks, L. P. Mad Shepherds and Other Human Studies. London: Williams & Norgate.
Jenkins, F., McGraw, D., and Darrow, R. P. Dolls and Toy Balloons; a Musical Comedy. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Jepson, E. The Garden at 19. Wessels & Bissell. $1.20 net.
Johnson, R. The Story of the Constitution of the U. S. Wessels & Bissell Co. $1 net.
Kingsley, C. The Water-Babies. Baker & Taylor Co.
Lamb, C. and M. Tales from Shakspeare. Illustrated by G. Loper. Baker & Taylor.
Lee, J. Happy Island. Century Co. $1.
Locke, W. J. Simon the Jester. Lane Co. $1.50.
Loyola, M. Heavenwards. P. J. Kennedy & Sons. $1.25 net.
McCullagh, F. The Fall of Abd-ul-Hamid. London: Methuen.
MacKaye, P. A Garland to Sylvia. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Manual of Statistics: Stock Exchange Handbook, 1910. Manual of Statistics Co. $5.
Meredith, G. Works. Vols. XI. and XII. Beauchamp's Career. Scribner. $2 per vol., by subscription only.
Meyer, F. W. Rock and Water Gardens. Scribner. $2 net.
Montclair. Report of John Nolen to the Municipal Art Commission of Montclair, N. J.
Moore, J. T. Uncle Wash, His Stories. Philadelphia: J. C. Winston Co. $1.50.
Oman, C. England Before the Norman Conquest. Putnam. $3 net.
Paddock, W. and Whipple, O. B. Fruit-Growing in Arid Regions. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Parks-Richards, Mrs. L. Oberammergau. Munich: Piloty & Loehle.
Plunkett, H. The Rural Life Problem of the United States. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Powell, E. Poems. Boston: R. G. Badger. $1.25.
Prentys, E. P., and R. F. French for Daily Use. Revised by L. F. Richard. W. R. Jenkins Co.
Raleigh, W. The English Voyages of the Sixteenth Century. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Reid, W. M. Lake George and Lake Champlain. Putnam. $3.50 net.
Report of the Commission on Old Age Pensions, Annuities and Insurance. Jan., 1910. Boston.
Roe, C. G. Panders and Their White Slaves. Revell. $1 net.
Royle, E. M. The Silent Call. Scribner. $1.50.
Russell, C. L. Diary of a Visit to the U. S. of America in the Year 1883. U. S. Catholic Historical Society.
Sandeau, J. Un Héritage. (Oxford Mod. French Series.) Frowde.
Savile, F. The Pursuit. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Shafer, S. A. A White-Paper Garden. Chicago: McClurg. $2.50 net.
Shakespeare's Merry Wives of Windsor, 1602. (Tudor & Stuart Library.) Frowde. $1.75 net.
Sienkiewicz, H. Whirlpools. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Vernon, M. In and Out of Florence; a New Introduction to a Well-Known City. Holt.
Vogelstein, T. Organisationsformen der Eisenindustrie und Textilindustrie in England und Amerika. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot.
Warren, E. R. The Mammals of Colorado. Putnam. $3.50 net.
Zenner, P. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene; a Physician's Message. Cincinnati: R. Clarke Co. $1.

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